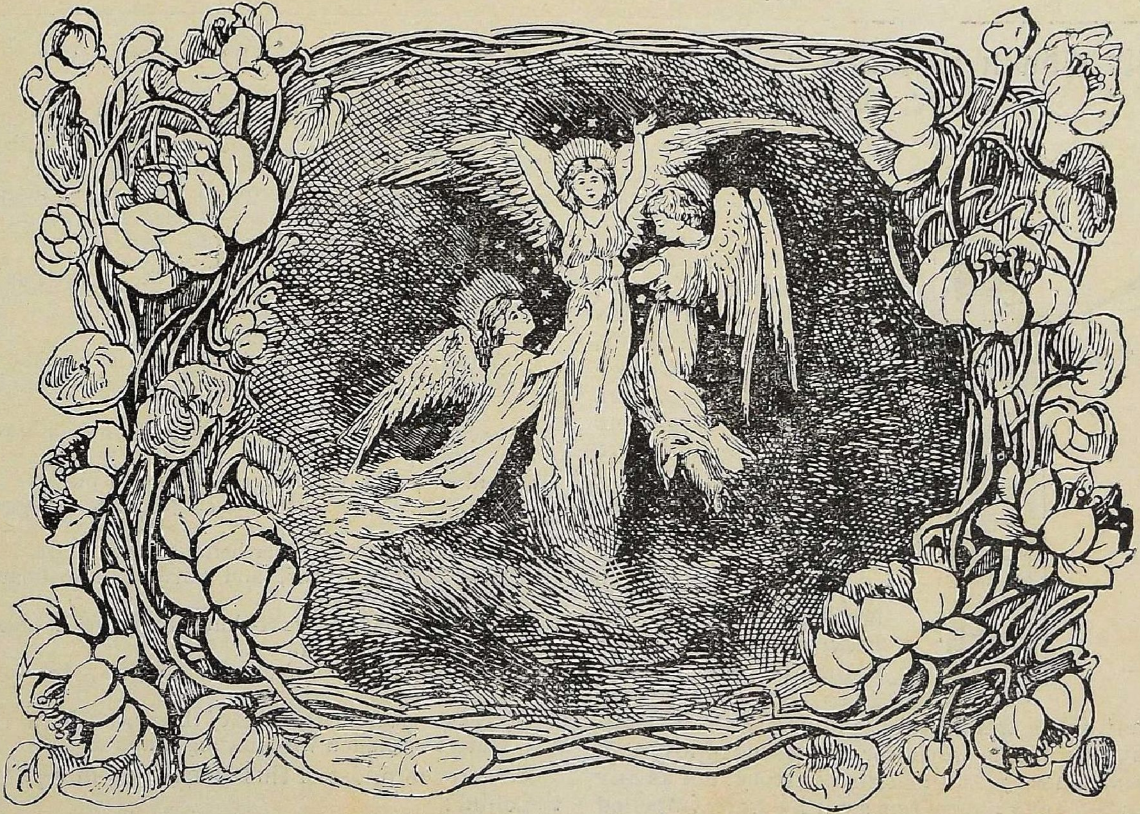
THE MADONNA CONTEMPLATING THE SLEEPING BABE.

(From a well-known picture.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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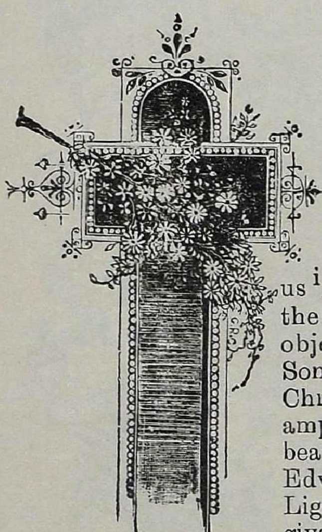
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

"Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colours of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of Peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hate are dead
And sorrow and death shall cease;
'Peace on earth and goodwill!'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!"

Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Light of the World."



AT this season, what with holidays and festivities, the thoughts of all, whether Christians or non-Christians, are turned to Christmas; and the figure of Christ rises before us in lonely majesty,—to the Christians, a divine object of adoration--the Son of God; to the non-Christians, a perfect example of a saintly and beautiful character. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his Light of the World, gives us a masterly account of the wonderful life of Jesus Christ, unexampled in the world for its lessons of love and unselfishness; and he tells his story, not as any man tells any story, but as if he were impelled to tell it in words of understanding and power.

" The sovereign voice spake, once more, in mine ear:
Write, now, a song unstained by any tear!"

Let us listen then a little to this wonderful song.

The beginning of the story is very simple indeed:

" So many simple shepherds keeping flocks
In many moonlit fields!
They—only hinds wrapped in the he-goat's skin—
To hear Heaven's music, bidding Peace begin!"
" What was it that ye heard?"

he asks,

" the wind of night
Playing in cheating tones, with touches light,
Amid the palm-plumes? Or, one stop outblown
Of planetary music?"
" Came to them
The 'Angel of the Lord,' visible, sure,
Known for the Angel by his presence pure
Whereon was written Love, and Peace, and Grace,
With beauty passing mortal mien and face."

The hurry of the shepherds is described in figurative language:—

" Therewith hastened they
By olive-yards, and old walls mossed and grey
Where, in close chinks the lizard, and the snake
Thinking the sun-light come, stirred, half-awake:
Across the terraced levels of the vines,
Under the pillared palms; along the lines
Of lance-leaved oleanders, scented sweet;
Through the pomegranate gardens sped their feet:
Over the causeway, up the slope, they spring,
Breast the steep path, with steps unslackening;
Past David's well, past the town-wall they ran
Unto the House of Chimham, to the Khan;
Where mark them peering in the posts between,
Questioning out of breath—if birth hath been
This night, in any guest-room, high or low."

The three Magi also arrive in great haste. Stately Indian men were they:

" The Indian silk affords,
With many a folded braid of white and gold,
Shade to their brows; rich goat-hair shawls did fold
Their gowns of flower'd white muslin, midway tied;
And ruby, turkis, emerald—stones of pride—
Blazed on their thumb-rings; and a pearl gleamed white
In every ear; and silver belts, clasped tight,
Held ink-box, reeds, and knives, in scabbards gemmed;
Curled shoes of goat-skin dyed, with seed-pearls hemmed,
Shod their brown feet; hair shorn; lids low, to think—
Eyes deep and wistful, as of those who drink
Waters of hidden wisdom, night and day."

And in the midst of this wondering many, lay the child:

" A clay lamp swings
By twisted camel-cords, from blackened rings,
Showing with flickering gleams, a child new-born
Wrapped in a cloth, laid where the beasts, at morn
Will champ their bean-straw."

This is the child who becomes *the Man*:

" The pale sweet man; the man that was 'the King'";
With such a mien as one should have
Wearing the purple;"

with

" Presence most sweet and most majestical
Seen amongst men;"
" High look of Godlike calm
And His great, grave face;"

And

"mild eyes," from which the gentle ray "flushed the stilled soul with such a glow of glory, such delight of sudden seeing, as if I had been an Appenine, touched singly by the sun, dyed rose-red by some earliest shaft of dawn";

with His

"sweet voice, majestic, calm, making terror tender," and speaking "full royally."

'Behold The Man!'

" Wine-colour shone His hair
Glittering and waved, an aureole folded down,
Its long rays lighted locks;
Even and clear His forehead; and the face
Of dignity surpassing, pure and pale
As the Greek marble's,
The great eyes blue and radiant; mild as sky
Of spring-time after rain, yet terrible
As lightning leaping sudden from that sky

When He rebuked. In admonition calm;
In tender hours each word like music's soul
Heard past the sound! Not ofttimes seen to smile,
More oft to weep; yet of a lofty cheer
Commonly."

After the prologue of Bethlehem, Sir Edwin Arnold tells the rest of his story through the medium of a third person, who has witnessed the scenes herself; and this is the best method, for, whenever we hear of a wonderful event, the first question we ask is, "Who told you?" The poet now transports us to the little Sea of Chinnereth:

"The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!
Oh, little silver happy Sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!

Pathetic is the contrast between the lordly beauty of these regions in Christ's times and their present lonely ruin. Then:

"Nine white cities dipped"

their walls into its brink, and the steel-shod keels of Roman galleys, and the "painted pinnaces" of Herod, and merchant-ships of Ghor and fisher boats made gay its shores; the treasure-stuffed caravans of Egypt wended along the roads; and Cæsar's soldiers strode sternly through the press of men; while the dignified Pharisee walked sedately along, and the Prætor with his rods passed by, or toiling slaves carried the gilded litter with some beautiful woman nestled inside. Medians, Indians, Negroes, Egyptians, Red Sea sailors, Syrian traders, dark Desert-men, Sidonians, Syrians, Greeks, Jews, —all trod

"the enamelled borders, where the vines
Ran clustering, and the almond's crimson snow
Rained upon crocus, lily and lamen,
At feet of feathery palms, and tamarisks
Alive with doves and steell-bright halcyons;
And green and rich rose then the terraced fields
This coast and that: and loud the water-wheels
Poured the cool crystal of the stream and lake
Over a thousand gardens."

Now, alas,

"All are gone—
Save for those names never to pass away—
Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala,—
Vanished the stately stoas, lofty fanes;
Vanished the walls, the towers, the citadels.
The waters glass no sail; the ways have shrunk
Into a camel-path; the centuries
With flood and blast have torn the terrace bare."

But over all is the infinite Peace and Love, which overshadows all Christ's life and teaching:

"Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colours of Heaven on their breast.
Love, which is sunlight of Peace,
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Till anger and hate are dead
And sorrow and death shall cease;
'Peace on earth and goodwill!'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!"

In that far-off beautiful time of Galilee, one Spring, after Christ had passed away, it happened that Pontius Pilate came riding in grand state into Magdala; and, finding only one house worthy to receive him, lodged in it. The owner of the house was Mary Magdalene; and thus, strange to say, met

"She who most loved Him, he who rendered Him to death."

The quiet peacefulness of the sweet, green hollow of Magdala wakens memories in Pilate, which cannot be lulled to sleep; for remorse is stronger than death.

"Something which is not shame, and is not grief,
Nor womanish tenderness at blood and death—
Nor penitence, strange to my Stoic mind;
but the pang
Of a strong spirit that betrays itself;
Rage for the act reflection pardons not;
The sting of playing slave to Destiny;
Bite at my soul more sharp than fangs of those."

Then Pilate sends for Mary Magdalene; and she enters,

"One tall, and proud, and fair; albeit past grief
Had dimmed the lustre of those large dark eyes
Bent upon Pilate. Rich the Jewish blood
Glowed through the sunburnt ivory of her face—and pale
As moonlight's heart the low smooth forehead, framed
Under the black-bound hair; forehead and hair;
And eyebrows, bent like the new moon; full lids;
Silk lashes long and curved, shadowing with touch
Of softest melancholy that worn place
Where the tears gather—all declaring her
A daughter of the Sun."

This was Mary Magdalene, the sinner of old times, but now the gentle, changed, disciple of Christ:

"Then came the hush;
And that which was all terrible, grew fair;
The Hill of Hell is Crest of Paradise."

Great is the change in her; gone is her pride and fierce passionate anger.

She tells Pilate of the glory of Jesus, and speaks to him the beautiful words that Christ spake. Pilate is comforted; but, in dread, lest he too should be branded Nazarene, he escapes from the influence of Mary and goes away; but over his heart also has come a little peace.

In the meanwhile, Mary Magdalene has a new visitor, one of the three Magi who visited Christ in his infancy, an old, old man, who listens reverently to her glowing account of the life of the Babe he had worshipped long ago. For six days they sit together in

"A cool white paven court
Shut by high walls from noise of the bazaars,"

and Mary tells the sage her Master's story; of His innocent simple youth, when He did His simple carpenter's duty, like anyone else; of the wonderful way in which her sin was changed to repentance and peace; of His beautiful doctrines and parables and His ministering to the souls and bodies of others; of His happy disciples, who

"in those days,
Were the children of the Bride-chamber,
They could not fast, nor weep! Joy walked with them!

Then she told the well-known sad story of His betrayal and death; His great sacrifice to save sinners, the glad account of His Resurrection and finally of His ascension.

"Thus did He bring," says Mary Magdalene.

"Our glad souls daily, by His glorious words,
Into the Kingdom of the Spirit."

To those who believe, the divine Son of God; to others, a perfect man, Christ lived

"To feed the fond desire, the hopeless hope
That somewhere, at beginning, man did touch
Divinity; and somewhere, at his end,
Might pass to the Infinite."
"Ah, the worst,
T' unworthiest creature of us, crawling Earth,
If he but knew what bliss hath happened here,
What sudden splendour of inheritance,
Would lift his head from the life-dust he licks,
And, in the sunshine of new happy hope,
Spread jewelled wings of joy—as when we see
The dull grey worm, hid in uncomely shell,
Burst it, and soar a lightsome butterfly
Burning and blossoming, all gold and blue.

For

"If there live
Brothers too low to love, too base to serve,
Too evil to forgive,
think that Christ
Knew also these, and measured these and made
His daily sojourn 'midst them; and was swift
To succour them and cheer."

He came to show

"Love undying, undivided, pure, Perfect;"
"How Love, for love of Love, must die, to prove
Love never dies."

The beautiful doctrines of Christ are interwoven so skilfully into the story by Sir Edwin Arnold, that they form part of the narrative; but we have no space to speak of them here. Suffice it for us just to touch on the "Grave words of grace for women," which occur in *The Light of the World*. Edwin Arnold shows us three types of women:

There is the changed Mary Magdalene, who, to show her gratitude for her salvation from the depths of sin to the heights of divine love, tries to help her neighbours with acts of benevolence. Says the Indian Magus to her.

"Surely thy name shall be, in times to come,
Sweet in the lips of all men; and thy sex,—
Thy sisters—lifted into larger grace,
For thy great sake, and for this mighty thing
Done to thy tenderness and constancy—
Laud thee, and joy in thee, who dost make known—
To saintliest souls not less than sinning souls—
The woman's queenly part in this world's plan."

This is the active type of womanhood. There is the passive type also, absorbed in things spiritual and heavenly, trying to show by her very life, the sacredness of womanhood:

"But most you marked," says Edwin Arnold of the maid, whom Christ made to rise from death:

"The exceeding paleness of that grave fair face
Which was as if white marble breathed, and had
Black tresses banded on it, and large orbs
Of jetty gems inlaid for eyes; and lips
Carved of faint-coloured coral; and ever pressed
As though they held some secret word to say
And must not part, lest breath of it break forth.
Yet with her pallor, something strange of joy
In the bright glance revealed, and gentle mouth
Where—flitting under subtle shadowed curves—
A light smile always played, so tender-sad
It seemed to mock at sadness.
And the grey Magus stood
Folding his palms across his breast; and gazed
With fear and wonder on her countenance."

Finally, there is the beautiful type of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, Mother of all that is best and purest:

"Fit Mother for its messenger of grace"
With "eyes, communing with the skies,"
With "face, tender true and pure,"
With "frame majestic, maidenly,"
"Who showed so noble, humble, heavenly,
So virginal and motherly, so fair,
The Rose of Women. Sir, if thou should'st pluck
A thousand lilies here in Galilee
One would show whitest silver; one would have
Most gold at heart. And Sir! if thou shouldest fetch
A thousand pearls up from thy Arab Sea
One would gleam brightest, best! The queenliest gem,
The choicest bloom, would happen suddenly;
Unlooked for! What hath made them perfect, none
Wotteth."

Even like this, live many women, hidden away unassumingly in dark corners, living the sweetest, noblest, most perfect lives, unknown to fame; and yet, the mothers of the best men; and thus the benefactresses of the world.

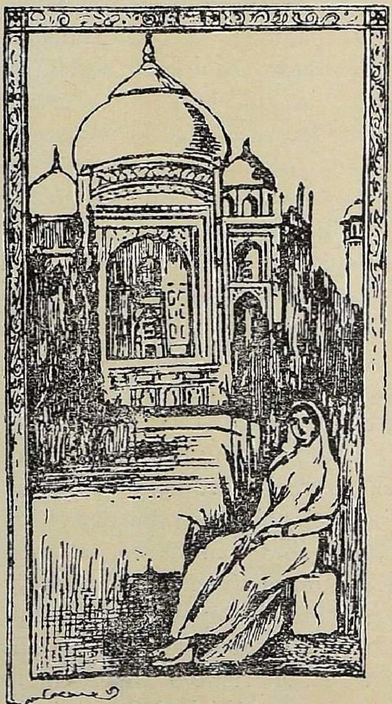
NALINI.

MARY MAGDALENE.

(From a well-known picture.)

THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY CURZON.

THE CHARM OF THE EAST.



ONCE I stood at the foot of the shadowy blue hills. Beautiful dreamy flowers seemed to whisper their mysterious secrets to the gentle wind as it sighed itself through the gigantic banyan, which stood near me; in the far distance the graceful areca palm and the feathery bamboo clothed the hill sides. I heard the haunting strains of dream music in the ripple of the tiny streamlets, and in the soft splash of the mountain rills; the golden sunshine, which streamed every now and then from a bank of dark clouds gave all things that wonderful unreal glow, which reminds us of enchanted castles, fairy princesses and gallant knights; mingling with the soft sounds of nature and the warblings of birds, came the wailing monotone of a rude chant from an old temple among the hills; groups of Hindu worshippers straggled up the steep ascent leading up to the mysterious shrine, while the scent of incense and flowers, and the hum from the chatting groups came borne unto me on the air. Herein lies the Charm of the East to the foreigner. The above scene is full of romance and is suggestive of mystery. In this is the glamour that the East lays strongly on you, in this as in the beautiful and varied country scenery, in the rugged picturesqueness and strength of the everlasting hills, in the contemplation of wide rivers flowing through rich fields of ripe waving corn, and in the wonderful colouring afforded by towns. But all this is only the background for the living picture—the living mass of bewildering humanity, people, as it were, of different nationalities, men and women of different creeds and customs—no monotonous colouring or moulds of the same pattern, but each in themselves different, interesting and mysterious. A dreamy mystical spirit broods over the East embodying, as it were, all the glory of the wonderful ages behind the present and peering indifferently and languidly into the dim vistas of the future.

. . . .

To the foreigner, in a drive through the streets of any Indian town, everything appears full of dirt and squalor. The ill-clad men and women, the naked brown babies, rolling about in the red sand of the roadside, the small bazaars lining the streets, the lounging idlers, the slow and indifferent gait of the workmen, the tardy traffic, the noise and vain bustle, the unrefined faces, the ill kept streets, the low, badly ventilated houses lining the roads, the unhealthy, insanitary conditions —all these are so different to what the Englishman is accustomed to; and to the critical eye, there is nothing good in it. It cannot bear comparison with their own land, and hence it is to be condemned.—Can any good come out of this land? No character, bad morals and no decent home-training for children, no citizenship,—these are the accompanying evils. But to the sympathetic eye, it is full of a hidden pathos and mystic charm, a beauty which is not discernible on the face of things, but which appears only after a better acquaintance with and understanding of the people.

. . . .

Let us look into the shifting scenes of the bazaar. It is a festival in a temple—thousands of people, some in their bright gala dress, others in very scant clothes, are flocking into the sacred precincts with their offerings of fresh flowers, to what?—only a stone-image, which has neither eyes nor ears, feelings nor thought. What a pathetic thought, that a nation should have but a stone on which to base its belief. Analyse the motley crowd and see a few types. Here is the

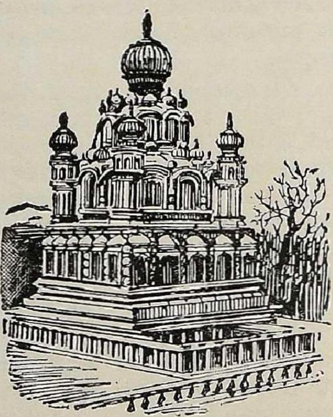
Sanyasi in his yellow robes, his coil of matted hair, with broad white marks on his face and limbs, he moves sedately on muttering incantations. For him the world has no more hopes or fears to hold out, no more joys or expectations to experience. He stands alone before his Maker, unfettered and unburdened with cares. There is the Brahmin priest—smooth and oily, with caste-marks of red and white spread liberally over him; for all his pretended religion he has no sympathy for his fellow-beings. They are men of a caste different to his. He looks haughtily down on them and holds himself aloof. So much for the influence of religion! Again, here are a group of young high-caste Hindu girls. It is a festival and they have joined the throng of worshippers. Otherwise, it is a life hid and guarded from the eyes of the public. Thus one half of the life of the nation is hidden away. No refining influence of womanhood in Hindu society—a great loss surely. There they go, the slim brown maids of the East, their pretty saris falling around them in clinging graceful folds, the silver anklets tinkling musically, the scent of the sweet jasmine in their hair mingling with the incense rising in the temples. Among them there is a Brahmin widow, her coarse white cloth drawn close over her shaven head. Sad Memorial of India's baneful custom! No more joy for her in life, no more youth, no flowers or sunshine, or the music of baby lips, but a broken heart, for the remainder of her years. Again, here is a group very different from the other one—a group of nautch girls, some of them still young and fair, their faces still fresh with the bloom of youth—poor fallen roses of Indian womanhood, their petals crushed and broken, waiting for some loving hand to reclaim and restore them. There is a group of musicians, not the ordinary tom-toms of the bazaar, but in the temple itself, a good Hindu musician drawing melancholy strains out of his *Vina* that tell of weariness and longing;—a longing for something that cannot be attained and worse still of which even an idea cannot be formed. And over all this mass of seething humanity floods the golden sunshine making the scene more dazzling. A scene which is beyond all description; analyse it and the charm disappears, the glaring colours, the discordant notes all stand out in bold relief; where all was harmony, now is all discord. The peculiar characteristic of this scene is that it is very suggestive. Of what? I here cannot help quoting a passage, which I found in a novel written about India, which just explains the charm of the East.

"Of what? Ah, that's where the charm lies, and if you are capable of much analysis, the charm has vanished. There is no music in the *bansula* player's pipes or in the sitar's twanging wires: the bazaars are dirty and unhealthy, and the people—pah! But if you once let yourself to yield to the charm of the charmers—there is nothing like it in the whole wide world. London, Paris, New York—they are like an open book which you have learned from end to end, with no secrets, no possibilities of unknown good or evil; all is cut and dried, precept multiplied upon precept, and the application of them demonstrated beyond a peradventure, but in the East the veil still hangs and is guarded with jealous care. You may draw nigh to it; see curious shadows passing and re-passing, perhaps coyly beckoning; catch a soothing, wistful melody like a golden thread beneath the drums and tom-toms and the screaming of the viols and perchance; if you are young and strong and fearless—that is to say, if the gods love you and are kind—you may lift a tiny corner of the veil and catch the shimmer and pulse of things ineffable. And after that, you will never see the squalor and the dirt—will never heed the discords, the glaring saffrons blues and reds will soften subtly, as will, too, the jarring screams of clarionets and trumpets......you will hear the tender whispers of the night sighing all about you, and thoughts will come, and dreams that will wrap you about like a caress; and henceforth the lotus is your portion, for he whom the East calleth becometh her son forever and ever."

HANNAH KRISHNAMMA.

A Trip to Kashmir.

By Lady Harnam Singh.



STARTING from the small station of Summer Hill at 10-30 A.M., on August, the 25th, our train steamed away at the rate of ten miles an hour. The Kalka-Simla Railway is a masterpiece of engineering. In certain places, to the ordinary eye, the high hills through which it has cut across, seem impassable.

It kept drizzling all the way to Kalka and so the journey was cool and pleasant for the time of the year. Kalka was reached at 6-30 P.M. just in time for the Bombay mail. We changed into the train as quickly as possible and started afresh for Jullundur City, which we reached at 2 A.M. Our friends had sent a couple of carriages to meet us, our luggage and servants following in ekkas, we got to the house in half-an-hour and rested a little in the verandah before sunrise. We stayed under the hospitable roof of these kind hosts until 4-30 P.M.; the next day we started for Rawalpindi. The journey from Jullundur City to Wazirabad was hot, but after that it began to rain and got quite chilly towards the morning. From Sohala to Rawalpindi the train passes through a very pretty part of the country. The land is undulating and in certain places hilly. At 8-15 A.M. we arrived at Rawalpindi, the place where we had to change from the train to either tongas or landaus. A friend had engaged a landau for us from Dhanjhibhoy's Imperial Carrying Company for Rs. 150 to reach Srinagar in four days. There are private landaus as well for Rs. 100, but they have not a relay of horses on the road, which makes journey by them slow, and at times risky. Our luggage and servants had to be put into ekkas. These cost from Rs. 25 to Rs. 30 and reach Srinagar in five to six days.

There are special ekkas for from Rs. 30 to Rs. 40 which have a change of horses on the way and these are able to bring one's luggage along with the landau. The tonga is the quickest and the most convenient way of travelling, for those who do not mind a little shaking up, as you can take a couple of portmanteaus, bedding, hat box and a tiffin basket with you. It costs Rs. 130 and can get to Srinagar in three days. A great many people take the tonga only as far as Baramula and there get into a house-boat which brings them in two to three days to Srinagar. This route is exceedingly pretty.

There are very comfortable dâk bungalows all the way from Rawalpindi to Srinagar. Our first halting place after leaving Pindi was Murree where comfortable accommodation can be had at Sunny Bank Hotel by writing beforehand to the Khansamah in charge. Murree is a very pretty hill station and a large cantonment. The gullies close by add to its beauty and popularity. We left Murree at 8 A.M. and reached Kohala, which is 27 miles from Murree, at 12 P.M., and which is the last dâk bungalow in British territory on the route to Kashmir. A couple of miles before reaching Kohala we suddenly came upon the river Jhelum which thenceforward runs along the roadside up to Baramula. In some places it is only a few yards from you as you drive along, and looks very picturesque.

We got to Domel at 6 P.M. and stopped there for the night. The dâk bungalow is situated on the bank of the river and is very continental in its appearance, and is altogether a romantic little place, though according to some the Dulai dâk bungalow which is between Kohala and Domel is prettier. Domel is so-called because it is situated at the junction of the Jhelum and the Kishengunga.

Our next halting place was Uri, 45 miles from Domel. The dâk bungalow is in a sort of basin, as it were, all around there being high barren hills. We left this place after breakfast next morning at 9-30 and reached Baramula about 2 P.M. We did not stay there as we wanted to get to Srinagar before it got dark. At 6-30 P.M., we arrived at Gupkar, a small suburb, two miles beyond the town of Srinagar, where a pretty villa was placed at our disposal by the kindness of His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir. The villa was furnished with every detail of furniture, so that we were very comfortable.

I must say also that the drive from Baramula to Srinagar is most picturesque. For miles and miles you drive through an avenue of beautiful poplar trees. The valley of Kashmir begins from Baramula.

On the 4th of September, the male portion of the party called on His Highness the Maharaja at his Palace called "Shergarhi" (the abode of the lion). He received them very kindly and was most affable. He is a man of about 57, healthy in appearance and wears no beard. He is said to be a very kindly person, most sympathetic to his subjects and much loved by them. He is very orthodox in his religious beliefs, yet

tolerant as regards other people's ideas and religions. The chief feature of the town is the Dal Lake which is four miles in length and two in breadth.

The sights worth seeing in Srinagar are three gardens, the Shahi Chashma, the Nishat Bagh and the Shalimar, about ten miles out of the town. The pleasantest way to see them is to drive to them after an early breakfast, first to the Shahi Chashma and the Nishat Bagh and then to the Shalimar, where you can rest either under the shade of the beautiful chinar trees or in the large Baradari and eat your lunch, which you must take with you. (You could, of course, visit these by boat as well.) Towards the afternoon you can get your Shikara, a kind of Gondola or a Dunga, which is a small house-boat to meet you at the head of the canal and have a row on the beautiful waters of the Dal, back to your house-boat or hotel. These gardens and houses were built by the Mogul Emperors as places of pleasure-resorts during the summer. The innumerable fountains of different sizes coupled with the magnificent shady trees, flowers and fruits must have made the place when in good order, look an abode of fairies, and make one think with the poet that "*agar firdaus bar ru i zamin ast hamin ast o hamin ast i hamin ast.*" (If Paradise is to be found on earth, this is the place.) Kashmir abounds in delicious and different kinds of fruit such as apples, damsons, pears, quinces, plums, grapes, etc., the best perhaps that one finds anywhere in the world.

The women are, no doubt, pretty and the children fair and chubby, but they are filthy and black with dirt. They never appear to patronize a bath, although the place has streams of pure water on all sides.

The houses of the people are very poor. They are built of wood and are generally double-storied and in a dilapidated condition. The roofs are covered with layers of earth on which grass, enough for a dozen animals to graze on, is allowed to grow.

The Kashmiri lives on boiled rice and sag. At one meal he consumes a good-sized salad bowl full of this uninviting food and certainly seems to thrive on it. The Kashmiris are very poor and do not care to improve their condition, and, being naturally of an indolent disposition, they are quite contented with their lot. Void of ambition they wish for nothing more. Tea is their only beverage and snuff, which they use largely, and which is considered by them essential for clearing the throat and head.

The river Jhelum winds along the city on an average width of 80 yards. The houses are built without any form or order on either bank and are in a most tumble-down condition.

The city possesses at once the attraction of a city full of life and of a city of ruins—truly could the saying be applied to it that "God made the country, but man the town." There are seven bridges called "*Qadalo,*" over the river in the city, which are curiously made and are effective and picturesque.

On September 9th, we reached Gulmarg, the hill station of Kashmir. It is 8,500 feet high and is beautifully wooded with pine and fir trees. Tongas take you up in four hours to a place called Tangmarg at the foot of the hill, where you have to get into a dandy or hire a pony, as it is one steep ascent of 3½ miles over a rough rugged road. The cost of a tonga is Rs. 15, a dandy 8 as., the coolies 9 as., each. You need six men for a dandy.

Indore has a very fine hotel both at Srinagar and Gulmarg. There are a few cottages to let at Gulmarg, but you have to engage them months before.

Raja Sir Amar Singh, the younger brother of the Maharaja, kindly put his house "Vale View" at our disposal for a few days. It is situated on a hill surrounded by magnificent pine and fir trees, and commands, perhaps, the best view from Gulmarg.

From it you have a panoramic view of the most beautiful valley yet seen, stretching over an area of many miles to the east and intersected by streams and rivulets of crystal-like water on every side and fields of ripe paddy and Indian corn. To the west is the valley of Gulmarg. All the buildings, shops and places of amusement such as for polo, races and golf, are on this side. This valley is like a meadow or a very green English Park. In fact Kashmir, as regards its scenery, climate and vegetation resembles the British Isles, though, of course, it is on a grander scale. We returned from Gulmarg to Srinagar on the 9th of September. There is a nice dak bungalow at Magam, which is midway between Srinagar and Gulmarg. On the 10th we got into our house-boats. Soon after we got there it began to rain and continued to do so for the next three days and the river to rise higher and higher every moment, so that by ten the next morning we were surprised to find our boats on a level with the bank which was about 8 or 9 feet high. About 4 in the afternoon we were advised by the Governor of Kashmir that, as a report had reached them of the breaking of a dam some miles higher up, its waters would probably overflow the river and that it would be best for us to leave our house-boats where they were and return to the house lent us by the Maharaja Sahib. We were only too glad of this proposal, for we did not like the idea of being hemmed in by water, though the house-boats are, on the whole, quite safe.

The next morning we drove out from the house to reconnoitre the place and what a sight met our gaze. The whole place was a sheet of water; not only were most of the roads under it, but many large English houses too were submerged. As for the huts of the poor people, many of them had been washed away. It was no doubt a very piteous sight, but the inhabitants of the place did not seem to mind it so much as one would think; being, I suppose, accustomed to floods now and again, they are prepared and know exactly what to do.

The English houses in Srinagar have commodious lofts in which to stow away furniture, carpets, etc., as soon as a flood is apprehended, and the residents leave the lower portion of the house to the mercy of the waters till they subside.

For a couple of days after this the river continued to rise. But after that it began to gradually go down and in 4 days it had subsided so much that we were able to return to our house-boats and on Wednesday, the 20th of September to start for Islamabad, or "Anantnag," which is a place some 34 miles by road and 50 miles by river towards its source.

Boats generally go only in the day at the brisk pace of 2 to 3 miles an hour. We had ten men to our house-boat, two to steer, one in front and one at the back, while 8 towed the boat along with ropes, which they tie around their arms and chests and walk along the embankment making a tremendous noise. These men are paid by the day at the rate of 4 to 5 annas. A good house-boat generally has 2 bed-rooms and bath-rooms, a dining room and a sitting room, all fully furnished, inclusive of crockery, lamps, kitchen utensils and cutlery and plate, and is very comfortable. A kitchen dunga is of course separate and can be hired for Rs. 15 to Rs. 20 a month. A good house-boat costs from Rs. 80 to Rs. 125 per month.

Our first halting place after leaving Srinagar was Panpur where we arrived about 6-30 P.M. The route to this was very pretty, the river winding along high mountains covered with snow vales and dales in a serpentine course. Panpur is the place where there are fields of bright yellow saffron to be seen during the season.

The next morning we started early and reached Larkipur, our second halting place for the night.

Our third stopping place was "*Bijbehara*" 4 miles from Islamabad. We could easily have reached Islamabad without stopping at Bijbehara, but preferred to stay the night at the latter place. At about 9 A.M. the next morning we arrived at Islamabad, from where after an early breakfast we started on dandies and ponies to see the sights of Martand, the ruins of a Hindu temple said to be built by king "*Lalatadit,*" in 697 A.D. and of Bhawan a fresh spring of water. A tank near it contains thousands of fish which are considered as sacred.

One of the springs at "Anantnag" is sulphurous. On the way to Martand you have a most magnificent view of the extensive valley below from the *Karewa*, which is a flat mountain top, bare of trees. Whichever way the eye turns you see before you one of the fairest portions of God's earth—great plains smiling with everlasting springs, ancient woods, orchards, swift beautiful streams, ranges of blue hills and snow-clad mountains, stretching away to the dim horizon. We took tea at Bhawan and fed the fish with parched corn and *chapattis* which you can buy on the spot, and came back to our boats by 7-30 P.M. The next morning we started for "*Acka Bal*" which gushes out of the Sosanwar Hill and is perhaps the prettiest spring in Kashmir. The waters of this spring are said to come from a distance of 200 miles by some subterraneous passage. The Maharaja has a rest-house quite near the spring as well as three baradaris, in one of which we had our lunch. After a very enjoyable day, we retraced our steps to our boats at Islamabad. On the 27th of September we started back for Srinagar. We could not visit the Liddar Valley, unfortunately, owing to the flood having made us lose ten days. We arrived at the Sheikh Bagh bank at Srinagar on the 29th in the afternoon, and were again in the midst of house-boats, shikaras plying hither and thither with their various occupants and boxwalas of sorts.

Life on a house-boat at Srinagar, is, no doubt, very lively—at night a fairy land. A visit to the silk and carpet manufactory at Srinagar is interesting. The Kashmiris are no doubt very artistic. Their blending of colours is not an art which they have been taught, but seems to come natural to them and is done marvellously well. When we left Srinagar a week or so ago, the river was very high and half the place under water. Now everything looked as before except that the banks were in many places cut away and gardens in a state of decay. The injury caused by the flood was not as great as that caused three years ago.

We stayed a few days at Srinagar, and, after making purchases of some of the articles characteristic of Kashmir, we started on the 4th of October by house-boat for Baramula.

The silver work of Kashmir as well as wood-carving is quite the best one sees in India and the enamelling over copper very unique and effective.

On our way to Baramula we visited "*Gandubal*" and "*Manasbal.*" The former was disappointing except for its beautiful blue water,

and the latter to which we went in a dunga through a small canal of dirty water was decidedly pretty. The charm of this lake consists in its deep clear water and its pink lilies, and the grand mountain behind it forms an effective contrast to the peaceful beauty of the lake.

I must not forget to say that on this portion of our journey we were travelling by night as well as by day, the boats being rowed by small oars called "*chappas*."

On the morning of the 5th of October, we woke to find ourselves on the broad waters of the Wular Lake, which is the largest in India, being about 12½ by 5 miles in extent and is almost surrounded by the lofty mountains, which tower over the north and north-east of the valley. The Wular has a bad reputation among the boatmen of Kashmir owing to high winds which, coming from the mountains, change the surface of the lake into a sea of rolling waves which are dangerous to the flat-bottomed boats of Kashmir. The meaning of the word Wular is "*cave*." Legends say that where the lake now is, there was once a great and wicked city which was swallowed up in an earthquake and that the remains of that city have been seen by boatmen. The same evening we reached Baramula and after spending the night there we started back in a landau for Rawalpindi. Thus ended our short but pleasant trip to the Happy Valley.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.

By Mary F. Gilbert-Cooper.

It was at Neuwied on the Rhine in a Castle on a hill that Princess Elizabeth was born in 1843. The Castle was called "Mon Repos," *i.e.*, 'my repose.' Behind it are beautiful forests of beech trees. These forests are dark and gloomy, but opening out into glades and showing views of the distant shimmering river, and of green valleys and plains. The parents of the Princess, Prince Hermann of Wied and Princess Maria, were alike distinguished for their goodness as for their high culture. Princess Maria took entire charge of the little daughter, whom she brought up with great simplicity to lead a quiet and homely life. Princess Elizabeth was from her earliest childhood, full of a restless energy and possessed with a passionate love of independence. Her chief delight was to roam the forest alone, in sunshine or rain, in snow or storm. Three large St. Bernard dogs were her inseparable companions. When the tempests roared, when the dead leaves whirled around, and the branches fell broken from the trees, then Elizabeth felt happy and free. She bounded through the woods, listening to the howling winds and the crashing of the branches, watching with rapture the wild sports of nature. On returning to the Castle she would write her feelings in poetry, for, as early as ten years old, she began to write verses, but she kept it a secret, even from her own mother. In the midst, however, of her wild love of freedom she was devoted to study, and for hours a day would learn and read, draw and practise the piano. She also took great interest in the poor around her and would often accompany her mother on many charitable visits.

Elizabeth's childhood was passed almost entirely in the Castle of "Mon Repos." She was as happy as the love of her family, friends and the beauties of nature, in which she so much delighted, could make her. But we each carry within us our own capacity for joy or sorrow. As Keble says :—

> "Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow
> Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart;"

and, to the poet nature, much capacity for sorrow is given. Every impression is felt very deeply, feelings are quickly stirred, joy lifts too high and sorrow plunges too low. Elizabeth was a poet, a genius, endowed with many noble gifts, but it seemed as if her mind was too full for her body, as if she must find vent for all she felt in action, in music, above all in poetry. Consequently she was often melancholy and ill, and all her life from her childhood upwards, she has had to struggle against fits of depression and ill-health. Then, again, she ever had the sight of suffering before her. Her father was an invalid and frequently was forced to leave home for months together in search of health. Her little brother Otto, from his birth, suffered fearfully, and at last died. He was a particularly sweet and gifted boy and his sufferings and death were a source of great grief to his family. So we see that her childhood was chequered, and she early learnt the secret of strength under sufferings and trial, as well as that sweet spirit of sympathy, which characterised her after-life.

Princess Elizabeth developed into a very attractive woman with a charming manner. At the age of 18, she was tall with a little slender figure, full of animation and grace, dark brown hair, thick and heavy, and large blue eyes with a deep and thoughtful expression. She was not exactly beautiful but had a special charm from her vivacity and intelligence. The people amongst whom she lived called her "Wald-röschen," *i.e.*, "Little wild Rose." The interesting years of Elizabeth's girlhood were spent in travel and study; she revelled in the beauties of Swiss scenery, and the wonderful brightness and sunshine of Italy. Here is an extract from one of her letters from Naples;—

Jan. 20th, 1867,—"When we awoke this morning on our hill, the sun was shining on the sea, which was calm as a mirror. Doors and windows are wide open. The fresh May breezes fill our lungs and inspire us with joyful thoughts. All my love of life and all my strength has returned......If I lift my head I perceive the blue, sombre mass of Vesuvius, the summit of which is bidden in clouds. Below, to the left, the lively town lies steeped in sunshine. To the right is the sea, and the serrated hills of the Isle of Capri. Naples appear to me for the first time in all their enchanting beauty, and I can therefore for the first time *absorb* myself in the glories of nature."

She always felt that she must *work* for others and to prepare herself for such a life she closely applied herself to study and helped others to study. An extract from her journal, dated January 2nd, 1869, shows her to be bright and happy: "I only feel thankfulness for the mercies of the bright sunny year which has just passed. I will form no wish for the year which has begun, except that the work of my hands be blessed. It is now nine years since I wrote the first words in this book. In it I have written with my heart full of religious fervour, sometimes with a mind filled with joy, but often with sadness and melancholy. I have had a youth very rich in love and in grave experiences. One thing has till now been spared to me, that is, the being abandoned by my friends. This sorrow I have never felt. Also I am still young and strong, and can await with joy the evening of my life. If heaven preserves to me the gift of writing poetry I will keep it and cultivate it as a sacred possession....Adieu—beautiful happy old year; and new year I greet thee with confidence and affection. All or nothing—may this be my motto."

On the 12th of October of the same year, Elizabeth wrote this line in her journal:—"I am betrothed and happily betrothed." The future husband was Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, related to the Royal House of Germany. He had been called by the European powers of Germany to occupy the newly-formed Principality of Roumania, which, though now free, is yet in alliance with Turkey. Some years before, Princess Elizabeth had said half in jest to a friend, who was hoping that one day she would grace a throne: "the only throne which would have any attractions for me would be Roumania, for down there I should have something to do." And these words were to be realized. Princess Elizabeth had indeed found "something to do." Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth were married at Neuwied, November 15th, 1869, and immediately afterwards set out for Roumania.

They were received with warm welcome in Roumania. The people hastened from all parts of the country to welcome them at Bucharest, the capital of Roumania. It was a sight to impress the imagination of a woman like Elizabeth. All around her were vivid pictures and she felt herselfi n a new and a most interesting world. The national costume of the country is extremely picturesque. A great deal of embroidery of many colours is worn, and the women have chemisettes of snow-white linen. The carriages struck her fancy, drawn by eight or even twelve small horses, the coachman guiding them with one hand. The streets were paved with blocks of oak, and small white cottages with windows picked out in blue and red were intermingled with the palaces of the rich.

The Princess now set herself to know and understand her people thoroughly. After the crush of receptions, she gave private audiences singly to the several ladies who attended these receptions, as she found she could not get to know any one really in a crowd. Of these receptions she writes:—"During the audiences it was disagreeable to me to express anything that I could not really feel, so, not to be untrue, I forced myself to *feel* the interest which I *showed*. Every one has need of sympathy. Now each individual interests me, and now the receptions do not fatigue me, on the contrary, I delight in them. The smallest thing one does must be done thoroughly if one wishes it to succeed." She mastered the Roumanian language and, to the pride of her people, she now speaks it perfectly. Education in Roumania had hitherto been much neglected. Elizabeth, not very long after her arrival in the country, founded a society for the translation of books for children. She writes to her mother, "There are absolutely no books for the school and the people; I am going to see about it. I have already given out to the young ladies the best books of my childhood in French, also I have interested many gentlemen in my ideas on the subject. The poet Alexandri has undertaken to review and correct the translations. Editions will then be quickly

brought out and sold cheaply." In this way she busied herself to work for her people.

At this time the Princess experienced the greatest joy of her life, while at the same time the dark shadow of sorrow hovered near. On September 8th, 1870, twenty-one guns announced to the inhabitants of Bucharest that a little daughter was born to the Royal Pair. She was called 'Maria' after her grandmother. The little Princess soon became almost the most important personage in all Roumania. Every one took a keen personal interest in her welfare. She was the property of the entire nation, for was she not born on Roumanian soil? About four years of almost perfect happiness for the Prince and Princess; and then came their first great sorrow. In 1874, April 5th, the little Maria was fatally attacked by scarlet fever and diphtheria, which were raging at Bucharest at that time and four days after she passed away into the great silence. A few days after, Princess Elizabeth wrote to her mother: "*April* 12*th*, 1874.—God, out of His great goodness, has recalled my little Maria to Himself. I thank Him for the holy joy I have tasted. I would rather, like Niobe, turn into a weeping rock than never have been a mother..I have not laid down my high dignity of motherhood because my child has been separated from me. The great happiness which I have enjoyed is not bought too dear at the price of this grief. The sorrow is compensated for a thousand times by the joy, for it was a joy without grief, and now it is a grief full of joy............"

This trouble endeared the Prince and Princess to the people. The little child's loss was mourned by the whole realm. The tiny grave by the river-side was always kept beautiful with fresh fair flowers and the lamp kept always burning by unknown loving hands.

Princess Elizabeth never had another child. But she always loved to have children about her, and was often seen with little ones sitting around her on the ground and on her lap, listening eagerly to fairy stories from the lips of "Carmen Sylva."

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"Carmen Sylva" is the name by which Elizabeth of Roumania is known in the world of literature. It is an appropriate name, for "carmen" means "song" and "sylva" means "wood," and we have seen how from her childhood upward the forest inspired her with song.

"Work, full rich work, must be our consolation in suffering" once wrote Carmen Sylva; and it was not until after her great loss, that she really turned to writing professionally as it were. For some time no one in Roumania was aware that the Princess had the gift of poetry. When the Roumanian poet, Alexandri, was presented to her, she said to him, blushing:—"I should like to make a confession to you, but I have not the courage," and it was only after some hesitation that she said timidly in a low voice:—"I also write verses." Alexandri begged to see some of her verses; he was surprised and struck by them and urged her to work on with some fixed purpose. At his instigation she translated into French (and German also, I believe) Roumanian songs, stories and legends, which were published, and thus an original "Folk Literature" fresh from the hearts of a hitherto little known, but strong people has been given to the world. But on the 7th July, 1875, Elizabeth wrote: "I do not translate at all now, because I am writing a great deal. As soon as I take up my pen my own thoughts crowd upon me. Creation is the finest, if translation is the most useful." Again:—"when an idea comes to me I *must* express it in words, or in song; only after I have done so can I be tranquil." For some time Elizabeth's original compositions were only read in manuscript and passed from hand to hand, but in 1882, she yielded to the strongly expressed wishes of the poet Alexandri and others, and three poems called "Sappho," "Hammerstein," and "the Witch" were published under the pseudonym of 'Carmen Sylva.' In 1883, appeared "Stories from the Pelech" under the title of "From the Kingdom of Carmen Sylva," and this book has been translated into many languages. The preface is addressed to children, but the stories are written for those of any age, who are capable of feeling the charm of poetry united to simplicity. Carmen Sylva owing to the many-sidedness of her character, and to the sorrows she has experienced, possesses an intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the human heart. Her lighter writings of stories and plays are interesting to excitement. Their style is terse and powerful, and they strike one immediately as the productions of genius. Others, perhaps, are almost *too* profoundly sad and pathetic, but all evince a high moral or religious tone. Evil is never tampered with and one is never led to sympathize with sin. She writes as she feels, vividly and truthfully with not even the faintest touch of artificiality.

I shall finish this short notice of the Princess Elizabeth in her character as Carmen Sylva by quoting what she has written of the vocation of a poet: "Let him be free and valiant as the eagle; let him be burning and true as the sun: may the tender mimosa yield him of its sensitiveness, the torrent of its strength, the spring of its limpid simplicity."

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Carmen Sylva was passionately fond of music. To her it was something sacred. She writes, "I cultivated it for its own sake, and at the most for my own satisfaction and to give pleasure to my family and intimate friends. But what I played I loved and understood. I had studied and thought over every bar and every phrase." Often before day-break she was found seated at her piano or organ, lingering lovingly over the keys and solacing her tired weary heart. "Music became to me," she writes, "the best and truest friend, the companion in solitude, the guardian angel, whose light truth chased away all pain and sorrow, whose gentle whisper soothes and comforts the aching heart."

Carmen Sylva led a simple and busy life at Court. For children she advocates a quiet and retired bringing up. Speaking from her own experience, she says, "I look upon my life, then, as having been made incomparably richer by the solitude of my girlhood. All the impressions I then received went much deeper and have been more lasting because there was nothing to distract my thoughts." And again, "It is as if the heart and brain had greater force both for seizing hold of, and for retaining, those images of divine loveliness, when not only are there no disturbing influences from without to weaken them when once stamped there, but when, also, the sights and sounds amid which one daily moves are themselves in perfect harmony with the waking dream. As one wanders through the lovely forest there is no danger that the echoes of celestial melodies carried within one's soul will be driven away by the murmur of the beech trees or by the sighing of the wind in the branches overhead."

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In 1877, during the Russo-Japanese war Roumania was forced to join in the war, and she sided with Russia. Prince Charles and his Roumanian soldiers distinguished themselves by their bravery. It was during this war that Princess Elizabeth took the firmest root in the minds of her people. She most carefully and tenderly nursed the sick and wounded soldiers, meeting every train that brought the wounded men: day and night she worked, giving refreshments to the suffering, helping to dress wounds and saying words of consolation to the dying. When cured, they carried away with them to their cabins in the valleys or on the Carpathian mountains the remembrance of their gratitude for the good "Doamna Elizabeth." Since that time the Princess is called by the people "Minna Ranatitor," *i.e.*, "the mother of the wounded."

When on October 28th, 1878, Prince Charles made his triumphant entry into Bucharest, at the head of his victorious army, the wives of all the officers of the Roumanian army presented Elizabeth with a piece of sculpture, as a memento of the trying time they had passed through together. It represented in marble the Princess Elizabeth in the costume of a sister of Mercy kneeling before a wounded soldier and giving a cup of water. She had thus raised to herself a monument in the hearts of the people as "Minna Ranatitor."

In 1881, Roumania was raised from a principality to the rank of a kingdom and the Prince and Princess were crowned King and Queen on May 22nd. The coronation with all its attendant ceremonies and festivals was most interesting and picturesque, the national dress adding a graceful effect. Writing about this she says :—"We have spoken to 800 people to-day from 11 o'clock to 4·30. At 8-30 we were under arms again! Procession of torches! Procession through the town! Illuminations! We did not return until 11-30. At last I could not even bow, but waved my handkerchief. It was a wonderful sight to see this enormous swaying mass of people, and to hear them greeting us with every demonstration of enthusiasm. The 22nd of May has been from dawn to dark, a truly glorious day." And thus we take leave of Carmen Sylva, the poet, queen of Roumania, queen not only of her kingdom, but of the hearts of her people, working with them and for them and endearing them to her more and more by her sweet kindness and sympathy.

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Before bringing this sketch to a close, we will see for a moment what work the queen has set on foot for the good of her country.

From her childhood Elizabeth had possessed the instinct of teaching and had ever taken the keenest interest in the promotion of education. Soon after coming to Roumania, she established an Orphanage, called "The Hélèna Asylum" (after her favourite aunt, the Grand Duchess Hélèna) in which 460 young girls are brought up from the age of five to twenty years. They receive instruction in arts and sciences, foreign languages, needle-work, book-keeping and so on, and remain in the establishment until they have passed their examination for teachers.

The queen has founded a school of Embroidery, called the "Scola Elisabeta Doamna." Seventy of the poorest young girls there learn to read and write, and above all, to do the embroidery of the country. All the Roumanian women have an innate sense of colour. They embroider with much skill and taste on the special fabrics of the land. In this way and in others she "has endeavoured to cultivate native art and develop native handiwork." She has founded an Association of women called the "Albina," which gives occupation to poor

women, who only know how to do rough work. At first this society started by giving work to six women, and now thousands of women are employed. In 1884 the Albina made 30,000 tents for the army and now sews all the linen and clothes for the soldiers, the hospital and the army.

Several other societies has the queen established, such as schools for the weaving of the native hemp, schools of cookery, an establishment for Sisters of Mercy and so on. She has found "plenty to do" in Roumania. On all sides we find that the queen has taken the initiative, or generously co-operated, wherever it has been a question of ameliorating the lot of the people and of furthering the progress of civilization. Work is the law of her own life and it is by *work* that she has attempted to raise and regenerate others.

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Here is a sketch of a day of the queen's life written by herself "I rise, if possible, at four, or even three, in the morning. This is the time belonging to the pen. I write till eight. In summer I sometimes paint from sunrise, or I go to the organ or piano to rest between. But, in town, once I wake the king at half-past eight, my day belongs to others. First, the bath and reading of the telegrams of the day to the king, during or after breakfast, which is always very quick, in order to walk about a little together, as we do not see much of each other for many hours, the King having his ministers from ten to one, and often half-past one, every day. During that time I have many different people to work with. My secretary brings the newspaper, a part of the numberless petitions that have to be decided upon, letters of all kinds that have to be answered; then come ladies belonging to all kinds of societies, more especially those who distribute work. At some quarter of an hour between half-past twelve and half-past one we take a very light and quick luncheon. I generally have one audience, and then I rest in bed with books and sleep. At four the king has a cup of tea with me, and rests for a short half-hour. From five to eight I belong entirely to the others; three times a week there is very good music. The other four days are almost entirely taken up with audiences, and only when I have finished can I have my secretary, who reads to me the new plays, the critiques about new books, and during that time, I make very fine needle-work, mostly or nearly only for our churches. When the king has at last finished talking, then we bethink ourselves that it is dinner time; and take a short meal again, in order to wander about with the king's comfortable cigar; and, if we are not nearly hoarse with talking, we tell each other the events of the day. At nine the king sits down to work by himself till midnight, and I try to get to bed with a nice book, as I rise so very early, and feel very tired of an evening; but in winter I have to go to many theatres and concerts that never begin before nine and end at midnight or one o'clock." And, in conclusion, here are her simple words:—"And so I bring before you a very simple life of hard work and sacrifice, and yet so beautiful that I would not change with the easiest in the world. I believe the easy lives are not necessarily happy ones, and that the smile lighting up a face that shows the lines of deep suffering is a joy for the very angels."

(*Translated in the Maharani Magazine*).

A Volume of Indo-English Poetry.*

THE authoress of the dainty volume before me needs no introduction to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, who have had several opportunities of judging for themselves the merits of one of the most gifted poets of the present day. Almost from its first number that is to say, for more than four years and a half, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's poems have certainly been among the brightest and most attractive features of this *magazine*, and lovers of poetry, not only in India, but throughout the English-speaking world, will extend a warm welcome to them in the form which they have now taken. It was with great difficulty, as Mr. Symons informs the readers in his admirable introduction, that he prevailed upon her to gather them into a volume.

"Is it possible," wrote the authoress to him, "that I have written verses that are filled with 'beauty,' and is it possible that you really think them worthy of being given to the world?" The English critic persisted in thinking so and eventually succeeded in overcoming her modesty.

Sarojini Chattopadhayya was born at Hyderabad (Deccan) on February 13, 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya comes of an ancient Brahmin family of Eastern Bengal, which was, at one time, famous in that part of the country for its generous patronage of Sanskrit

**The Golden Threshold*, by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. With an Introduction by Arthur Symons and a portrait by J. B. Yeats. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. London: William Heinemann.

literature. After taking his degree of Doctor of Science at the University of Edinburgh in 1877, he placed his services at the disposal of H. H. the Nizam. He took the initiative in the foundation of the Nizam's College at Hyderabad and is, at present, one of the principal educational officers of the State. In one of her letters to Mr. Symons, Sarojini wrote: "My ancestors for thousands of years have been lovers of the forest and mountain-caves, great dreamers, great scholars, great ascetics. My father is a dreamer himself, a great dreamer, a great man whose life has been a magnificent failure. I suppose in the whole of India there are few men whose learning is greater than his, and I don't think there are many men more beloved. He has a great white beard and the profile of Hume, and a laugh that brings the roof down. He has wasted all his money on two great objects: to help others, and on alchemy." Sarojini was the eldest of a large family and, as her great talents were foreshadowed even in early childhood, her father was resolved to give her a sternly scientific training and was hopeful of finding an apt and enthusiastic pupil in her. But in this he was greatly mistaken; for the poetic instinct, which Sarojini had inherited both from him and her mother, proved stronger than the attractions of mathematics and physical science. "One day when I was eleven," she writes, "I was sighing over a sum in algebra; it *wouldn't* come right; but suddenly a whole poem came to me instead. I wrote it down. From that day my 'poetic career' began. At thirteen, I wrote a long poem *a la* 'Lady of the Lake'—1,300 lines in six days. At thirteen I wrote a drama of 2,000 lines, a full-fledged, passionate thing that I began on the spur of the moment without forethought, just to spite my doctor who said I was very ill and must not touch a book." Sarojini was not fifteen when the great grief of her life came to her. This portion of the story may be narrated in Mr. Symons' words: "Dr. Govindarajulu Naidu, now her husband, is, though of an old and honourable family, not a Brahmin. The difference of caste roused an equal opposition, not only on the side of her family but of his; and in 1895, she was sent to England against her will, with a special scholarship from the Nizam. She remained in England, with an interval of travel in Italy, till 1898, studying first at King's College, London, then, till her health again broke down, at Girton. She returned to Hyderabad in September 1898, and in the December of that year, to the scandal of all India, broke through the bonds of caste and married Dr. Naidu."

There are forty poems in the volume before me and with but one or two exceptions, they have all been published in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Of course, the present collection does not include all that the poetess has written, and she has no doubt acted wisely in omitting from it the children of her infantile muse, such as the poems I have referred to, which cannot have for the reader any interest beyond that of being literary curiosities. The book is divided into three parts: the first, "Folk Songs" contains about a dozen pieces, such as "Palanquin Bearers," "Wandering Singers," "Indian Love Song," etc., the second consists of six "Songs for Music, and the third part, "Poems" include some of the most exquisite verses in the collection.

In penning an appreciation of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's poetry, it is but inevitable that the critic should institute a comparison between her and the other exotic blossom of song, Toru Dutt. Toru's genius is now ungrudgingly recognised in both France and England; but it has been remarked of her, perhaps not unjustly, that she lacked the quality of sweetness to perfect her as an English poet. It is precisely this quality which Sarojini Naidu possesses in abundant measure, as any line taken at random from the present volume will show. Even the most casual reader cannot fail to be struck, not only with her command of the English language and her perfect mastery of difficult and various metres, but with the wonderful music of her poems. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that she has hardly any superiors among the present-day writers of verse, so far as smoothness and ease of versification are concerned. Take, for instance, the following lines from her "Cradle-Song" which is certainly among her sweetest and most musical poems :—

> From groves of spice,
> O'er fields of rice,
> Athward the lotus-stream,
> I bring for you,
> Aglint with dew,
> A little lovely dream.
>
> Sweet, shut your eyes,
> The wild fire-flies
> Dance through the fairy *reem*;
> From the poppy-bole
> For you I stole
> A little lovely dream.
>
> Dear eyes, good-night,
> In golden light,
> The stars around you gleam;
> On you I press
> With soft caress
> A little lovely dream.

Here, again, are four lines taken from "Indian Dancers" which testify to her mastery of a difficult Swinburnean metre :

> "Now silent, now singing and swaying and swinging, like blossoms that bend to the breezes or showers,

Now wantonly winding, they flash, now they
falter, and, lingering, languish in radiant choir;
Their jewel-grit arms and warm, wavering, lily-
long fingers enchant through melodious hours,
Eyes ravished with rapture, celestially panting,
and passionate bosoms aflaming with fire!"

Here and there, the reader comes across phrases and turns of expression which are startling in their originality, as when she calls the moon 'a caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven,' or the heroes of Valmiki 'rubies girt in epic gold'—a wonderfully apt metaphor. Perhaps the most striking specimen of this trick of the authoress is to be found in the concluding lines of her song entitled 'The Snake Charmer' in which she makes him address the sinuous serpent in the following endearing manner:—

"Come, thou subtle bride of my mellifluous
wooing,
Come, thou silver-breasted moonbeam of desire."

Another characteristic of the poetess's is the richness and aptness of similes and there is such a profusion of them that one marvels at her inexhaustible imagery. In the 'Song of the Palanquin-Bearers,' for instance, with which the volume opens, there is a simile in almost every line:

"Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride,
Lightly, O lightly, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

The reader, however, cannot fail to note that, in more places than one, the poetess finds herself betrayed by this remarkable facility in suggesting analogies and similitudes into such verses as this one:

"Like the perfume in the petals of a rose,
Hides thy heart within my bosom, O my love!
Like a garland, like a jewel, like a dove,
That hangs its nest in the asoka-tree." (p. 43.)

The above lines, containing three similes in less than a dozen syllables, have a distinctly oppressive effect and spoil an otherwise beautiful poem.

About half the poems in the volume deal with familiar Indian subjects, subjects which one would think are not congenial themes for the poet's pen; but readers of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's verses will readily grant that she has succeeded in extracting pure gold from very crude ore, indeed. Where everything is so good, the task of selection is rather difficult, but the following verse from the poem describing *Purdah-nashin* women may be quoted as a specimen of her supreme art:

"From thieving light of eyes impure,
From coveting sun or wind's caress,
Her days are guarded and secure
Behind her carven lattices,
Like jewels in a turbaned crest,
Like secrets in a lover's breast."

The following lines about 'Street Cries' have, in addition to their charming sweetness, the recommendation of not having appeared before in the pages of this Magazine:

"When dawn's first cymbals beat upon the sky,
Rousing the world to labour's various cry,
To tend the flock, to bind the mellowing grain,
From ardent toil to forge a little gain,
And fasting men go forth on hurrying feet,
Buy bread, buy bread, rings down the eager street.

When the earth falters and the waters swoon,
With the implacable radiance of noon,
And in dim shelters koils hush their notes,
And the faint, thirsting blood in languid throats
Craves liquid succour from the cruel heat,
Buy fruit, buy fruit, steals down the panting
street.

When twilight twinkling o'er the gay bazaars,
Unfurls a sudden canopy of stars,
When lutes are strung and fragrant torches lit
On white roof-terraces where lovers sit
Drinking together of life's poignant sweet,
Buy flowers, buy flowers, floats down the singing
street."

Readers of the volume will no doubt regret that the poetess, unlike Toru Dutt, has made so little use of Hindu literature and has not been attracted by the legendary lore stored in that treasure-house of mythology, the great Sanskrit epics and puranas. Her acquaintance with Persian and Urdu literature has contributed more poems to the collection than her knowledge of Sanskrit. One of the former is her "Song of Princess Zeb-un-Nissa":

"When from my cheek I lift my veil
The roses turn with envy pale,
And from their pierced hearts rich with pain
Send forth their fragrance like a wail.

Or if perchance one perfumed tress
Be lowered to the wind's caress,
The honeyed hyacinths complain,
And languish in a sweet distress.

And when I pause still groves among,
(Such loveliness is mine) a throng
Of nightingales awake and strain
Their souls into a quivering song."

There is one class of poems, which strike a note altogether different from any I have hitherto quoted, a note of pathos and agony, and most readers will no doubt set these down as the best in the collection. Several of them must have been written in the first bitter moments of her cruel exile, as the following poem entitled "In the Forest":

"Here, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead,
Here in this wood let us fashion a funeral pyre
Of fallen white petals and leaves that are mellow and red,
Here let us burn them in noon's flaming torches of fire.

We are weary, my heart, we are weary, so long we have borne
The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead; let us rest,
Let us scatter their ashes away, for a while let us mourn,
We will rest, O my heart, till the shadows are gray in the West.

But soon we must rise, O my heart, we must wander again,
Into the war of the world and the strife of the throng;
Let us rise, O my heart, let us gather the dreams that remain,
We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of song."

The following verses inscribed "To the God of Pain" reveal even more pathetically the anguish of the poetess's painracked soul:

"Unwilling priestess in thy cruel fane,
Long hast thou held me, pitiless God of Pain,
Bound to thy worship by reluctant vows,
My tired breast girt with suffering and my brows
Anointed with perpetual weariness.
Long have I borne thy service, through the stress
Of rigorous years, sad days and slumberless nights,
Performing thine inexorable rites.

For thy dark altars, balm nor milk nor rice,
But mine own soul thou'st taken for sacrifice:
All the rich honey of my youth's desire,
And all the sweet oils from my crushed life drawn,
And all my flower-like dreams and gemlike fire
Of hopes up-leaping like the light of dawn.

I have no more to give, all that was mine
Is laid, a wrested tribute, at thy shrine;
Let me depart, for my whole soul is wrung,
And all my cheerless orisons are sung;
Let me depart, with faint limbs let me creep
To some dim shade and sink me down to sleep."

The God of Pain happily did repent and the poetess, after three years and more of banishment, returned to her motherland and mated herself to the elect of her heart. She suddenly finds that life is worth living and that it holds great joys in store for her, if it has also great sorrows. The eager tone of her pathetic appeal to Death affords a remarkable contrast to the two poems I have just quoted, though the reader will not fail to note that its chief charm consists in its being sheathed in exquisite sorrow:

"Tarry a while, O Death, I cannot die
While yet my sweet life burgeons with its spring;
Fair is my youth, and rich the echoing boughs
Were *dhadikulas* sing.

Tarry a while, O Death, I cannot die
With all my blossoming hopes unharvested,
My joys ungarnered, all my songs sung,
And all my tears unshed.

Tarry a while, till I am satisfied
Of love and grief, of earth and altering sky;
Till all my human hungers are filled,
O Death, I cannot die!"

It were a pleasant task, indeed, to continue to sample Mrs. Sarojini's poetry in this leisurely manner, but I am afraid I have already transgressed the limits of the space available, if not the patience of my readers. Before concluding, however, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few lines of her prose, which is as luscious and impassioned as the poetry. "Come," she writes to Mr. Symons in one of those wonderful letters which are infected with the poetry and magic of her being, "Come and share my exquisite March morning with me: this sumptuous blaze of gold and sapphire sky; these scarlet lilies that adore the sunshine; the voluptuous scents of neem and champak and sirisha that beat upon the languid air with their implacable sweetness; the thousand little gold and blue and silver breasted birds bursting with the shrill ecstasy of life in nesting time. All is hot and fierce and passionate, ardent and unashamed in its exulting and importunate desire for life and love. And, do you know that the scarlet lilies are woven petal by petal from my heart's blood, these little quivering birds are my soul made incarnate music, these heavy perfumes are my emotions dissolved into aerial essence, this flaming blue and gold sky is the 'very me,' that part of me that incessantly and insolently, yes, and a little deliberately, triumphs over that other part—a thing of nerves and tissues that suffers and cries out, and that must die to-morrow perhaps, or twenty years hence."

Let me conclude with expressing my conviction that, should the Fates be only more kind to Sarojini Naidu than they were to the other exotic blossom of song, lovers of poetry not only in India but throughout the English-speaking world are destined to hear a good deal more of this singer of sweet lyrics. Who knows but she may contribute to the raising of her motherland in the eyes of the world, a land which she loves with such passionate devotion as to write:

"O young through all thy immemorial years!
Rise, Mother, rise, regenerate from thy gloom,
And, like a bride high-mated with the spheres,
Beget new glories from thine ageless womb!...
Thy Future calls thee with a manifold sound
To crescent honours, splendours, victories vast;
Waken, O slumbering Mother, and be crowned,
Who once wert mistress of the sovereign Past."

T. V. Subrahmanyam.

The Indian Ladies' Reception to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

[BY A MUHAMMADAN LADY WHO WAS PRESENT.]

H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, under an escort of the 33rd Cavalry drove from the Crescent to Colaba and back, previous to attending the Reception organised by Indian ladies at the Town Hall.

The facade of the Town Hall was illuminated with coloured lamps and decorated with flags, while leading up the centre portion of the broad flight of steps was a wide strip of brocade, on each side of which were ranged Hindu, Mussalman and Parsi girls in their national costumes, strewing flowers at her feet as the Princess ascended the steps.

On reaching the steps, a pathway was laid of shining gold into the building up to the platform. The old Town Hall, famous for its ugliness, was unrecognisable. All the walls were hung with the richest of embroideries and shawls, and the pillars were swathed in costly brocades and the whole building lit by massive chandeliers, shedding their soft light on the beautiful scene. The throne was gorgeously draped in golden stuffs and heavily fringed all round, and was about 20 feet high. The gigantic organ was completely hid from sight by an artistically draped screen of beautiful brocades and cloths of gold. The flooring was of exquisite Persian carpets, those on the platform being of silk. The dresses and jewels of the Indian ladies surpass description and so much beauty unveiled was a joy to look on.

Three ceremonies were performed on the steps leading up the Hall. The first was by Lady Petit, being of Parsi origin, called "Leethavi Leva"; sugar sweet was waved round the Princess's head three times, in order that her life be filled with sweetness; then a cocoanut was broken at her feet to signify that all difficulties may fall away from her. The second ceremony was, what the Hindu ladies called the 'Arti,' which Mrs. Chandravarkar performed. A lamp, with other things in a tray, was passed over the Princess's head, so that a light might ever shine on her path. The third ceremony was by a group of pretty Muhammadan girls headed by Mrs. Nasrulla Khan, who threw gold and silver flowerets and gilded nuts on the Princess's head.

The Princess moved slowly, bowing on either side, down the Hall, stepped on to the platform and seated herself on the throne. The ladies of the Executive Committee were then presented, after which addresses were read, first by H. H. the Lady Nazli Begum Saheba of Janjira, in Urdu; the second by the Lady Bhalchandra Krishna, in Marathi; and the third by Miss Jamshedjee, on behalf of her mother, Lady Jamshedjee, in Gujarati. At the end of these addresses Her Royal Highness rose and in a soft voice pronounced her thanks.

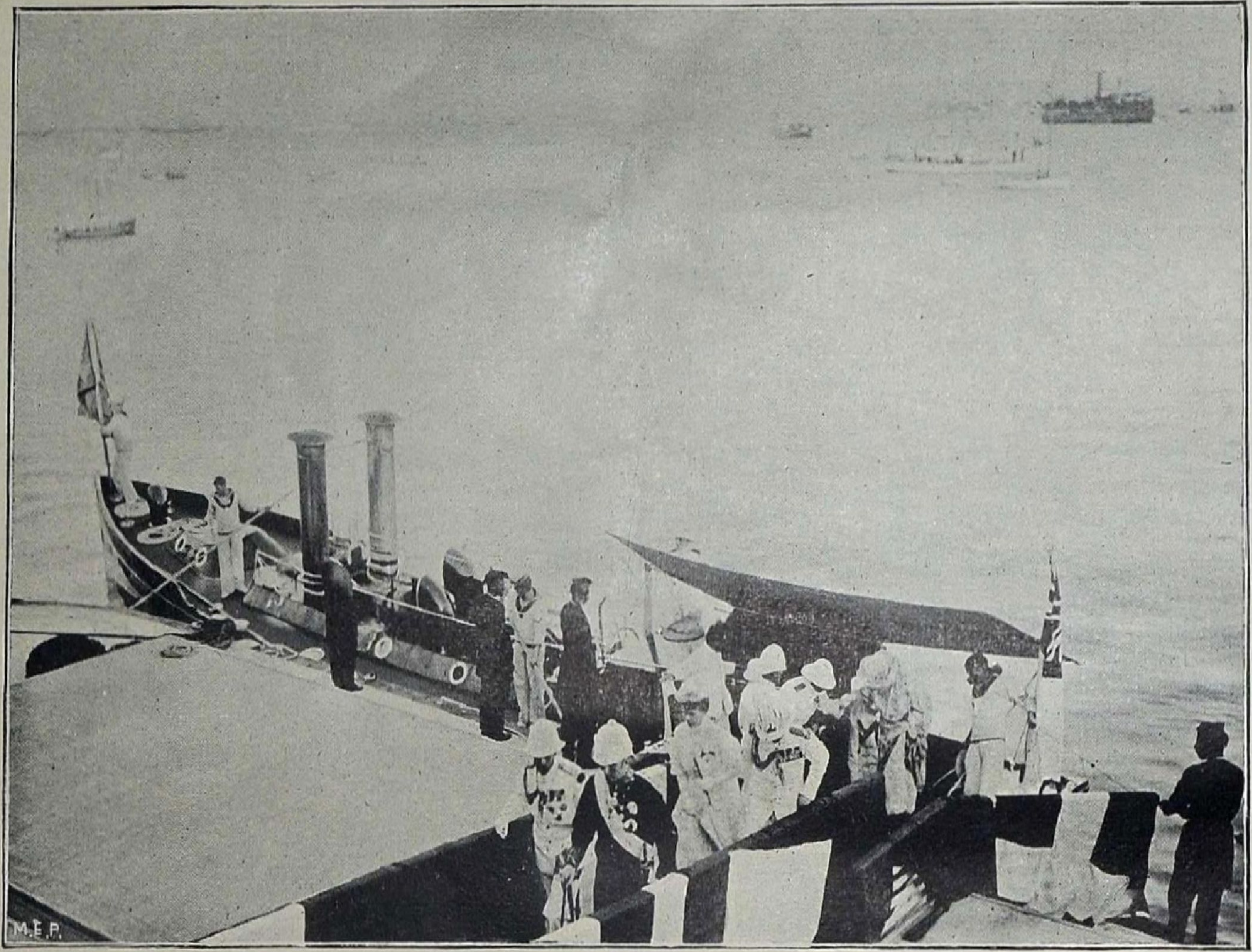
Then followed a presentation of the beautiful and interesting album in which were five addresses in different Indian languages, and fifteen different water-colour skeches of varied castes all magnificently bound in silver. Then songs followed. Pretty Hindu maidens of tender years, in jingling bells, and bright array, came singing softly in sweet voices with silver Lotas on their heads. They captivated the hearts of all. Miss Fyzee then sang a beautiful guzzul by Hafiz, the Persian King-Poet, adapted to a tune composed by herself, which elicited profound admiration from all who understood the art of Indian music. The chorus was accompanied by eight other Muhammadan girls of different communities. Then came the Parsi girls who danced round and round singing and clapping their hands. Her Royal Highness then had a little refreshment brought in silver and gold trays by Mrs. Ali Akbar, Mrs. Jehangir Petit and Mrs. Sirur and left amidst loud applause. It may be stated that, had it not been for the undying energy of Lady Jehangir and Miss Serene M. Cursetjee, the reception would *never* have been the success it was.

THE PURDAH PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY, AT 10 P.M. ON THE 10TH NOVEMBER.

There was a select gathering of about 15 ladies at Government House. The Princess stood regally on a raised platform and graciously acknowledged the salutation of each lady as she was

THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

The ceremony of the opening of Princess Street in Bombay.



THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

The landing of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bombay.

presented. The party assembled was choice and select, as the highest of the land were present, each saluting the Princess in their own style;—the Hindus by joining both hands and raising them to their heads bending low, the Parsees by doing the "Overna," *i.e.*, curving the hands to the temples, not a graceful mode, while the Muhammadan ladies saluted by taking the hand of the Princess in both hands, raising it first to the right eye, then to the left and then kissing it. Her Royal Highness was particularly struck by this style of salutation.

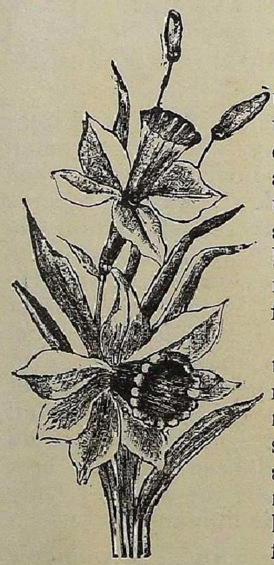
After all the guests had arrived and presentation was over, the Princess sat down and had a long conversation first with H. H. the Begum of Janjira, in which she said she deemed herself privileged in being the first Princess of Wales to have visited India—she also said they were much touched by the enthusiastic reception they had met with in Bombay. Her Royal Highness honoured a few other ladies with conversation, including Lady Agha Khan, Mrs. Hassanaty, Miss Fyzee, Mrs. Kareembhai Ebrahim, H. H. the Ranee of Sawantwadi, the Rani of Kurunwada, Mrs. Chandravarkar, Lady Bhaichandra Krishna, Lady Mehta and Lady Petit. H. H. the Begum of Janjira, standing near the Princess's chair, interpreted into English for those who spoke in Gujerati, Marathi and Urdu.

After refreshments, the party dispersed, all intensely pleased by the sweet manner and the graciousness of Her Royal Highness, who is sure to be intensely popular wherever she goes.

Eve.

A CHARACTER SKETCH,

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



EVE, the mother of mankind, and the begetter of the curse upon the human race! Do we think of her as anything else? A mother is first of all a woman, and surely the begetter of a curse may also be the begetter of a blessing! Does not the mother-earth produce both flowers and weeds?

Mark Twain, in his extracts from Adam's Diary, recently published, tells most humourously the story of Adam and Eve, and wonderfully supplements what we already know about them. The frontispiece of the book is a picture of Adam writing his diary. There is a crowd of admirers around him, a tiger and a lion with most fatuous grins on their faces, a snake, a pelican, two monkeys, not to mention a tortoise and a frog; and in the midst, a lanky-haired, pug-nosed, most funny Adam, with his mouth open with admiration at the success of his own efforts in hewing out his diary. To such a slow-witted, reserved, contemplative, childish man, comes this wonder—this Eve, with her beautiful face, her keen intelligence, quick wit, ready ingenuity, and last but not least her interfering manners. A new kind of animal, or what was she? Mark Twain makes Adam talk with the utmost wonder about his new companion. "The new creature with the long hair" is a favourite title. It is always in his way. He does not like it. "I wish it would not talk," he says, "it is always talking." Poor woman! is not that the ever-existing complaint of even modern man? No doubt 'silence is golden'; but, does not some one say that there is another significance in silence, which is not so flattering! It is the woman, who teaches man the significance of the word 'we.' With her advent, society begins. "I am not used to company," complains the poor man; but he is never more to be left to himself in peace. "Eve" always intrudes. Mark Twain makes the woman give names to the animals and other things; and no doubt it was her quicker wit and keener ingenuity, which suggested resemblances and names, before even the man could think of them. Do you not think so? And what a reason the woman assigns for her names! how suggestive it is of what the masculine gender generally asserts about the irresponsiveness of woman's logic! Because one thing looks like another, it should be called by the latter's name. But, in a time where nothing had any name, how could the first thing be called by its own name, which was to be given to the second thing which bore a resemblance to it. Eve only knew how it was. No wonder Adam was shocked, and called her method, 'mere waywardness and imbecility." But what could the poor man do? He was not quick enough to get before her. Besides, his constitutional laziness was in the way. "The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does no good anyway."

Which is a hint that he could interfere, if he liked,—a vain or true boast—just as you like—generally characteristic of vain man. But I do not think he could have resisted the meddler. Before he can know where he is, he is bound by hard and fast rules. He has to submit. Sign boards are put up. There are complaints of his extravagance. And, if he ever thinks of protesting, the woman has a sure remedy—that of tears. Eve wept, and Adam could not resist her. Even in most unpleasant and inconvenient matters he has to obey her. It is rather hard for him, especially as she never thinks of obeying the rules herself. She indulges herself in luxury; eats too much fruit; goes out in all weathers, and "stumps right in with its muddy feet", which I am sure she would never allow the man to do. Quite modern of Eve, is it not? Besides this, Eve is even accused of flagrant wrong-doing, "trying to clod apples out of the forbidden tree"; and, when reproved, said "nobody was looking". A little unjust to woman, is not Mark Twain here, though the excuse is generally supposed to be a most womanly reason? Besides this, Eve is afflicted with inappeasable curiosity, and a rage for explanation and for finding out things. Eve is also a very vain person. Adam always finds her admiring herself in the pond, at the risk of even falling into it. She has the inconvenient habit of working out smaller details without considering larger issues. For instance, she is very anxious to feed lions and tigers on flesh, forgetting that this would mean death. All this the man finds hard to put up with; but there is one way in which Eve tries to atone for her faults, and this is by her intense admiration for man and for his grand talk. When was Adam ever deaf to Eve's flattery? He takes advantage of this evident partiality for him; and, after the curse has begun to work, Mark Twain makes him resolve to put Eve to work: "She will be useful; I will superintend."

The reason why, in Adam's diary, Adam does not like Eve's interference is because he likes to dream away his days in harmonious contemplation: "Any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note." Eve also has an artistic mind; but life is not all harmony and music, is it? There must be discords; there must be crashing chords in it. And so Eve enters as a warring, disturbing element; but Eve is not all faults. As we showed before, she is persistent, inventive, ingenuous, observant, quick, intelligent, clever in finding out reasons and in deducing laws from general facts. Life must be practical. In order to be comfortable, man must even submit to rules and regulations. So we find Eve reducing their life into order. She has begun her domestic life also; has taken to training pets. Nor is the motherly side of her nature long in coming into evidence. She is full of tenderness for living animals; though her tenderness is somewhat unreasonable, according to Mark Twain. For instance, she commisserates the poor fish which have to live in the cold water, and puts them into Adam's bed to keep warm. Adam of course dislikes this, but dares not remonstrate; at least not in front of her. She has also begun to take care of the man; begs him not to expose himself to danger. And, when the children come, Adam finds her whole nature changed. No longer playful or childish or mischievous, she gives herself up now to the care of her children. The vain and selfish man misses his hitherto inseparable admiring companion, and tries to experiment with all sorts of foolish experiments on the children, whom he cannot understand and is unable to classify in the scale of creation. Eve, of course, orders him away; but Adam, as one would expect, does not get offended; he has learnt to become Eve's fond admiring friend. And at last comes the admission. "After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the garden with her than inside it without her. At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life."

This ungrudging admission of Adam brings us to the serious side of Eve. Man and woman were created in God's own image, God breathed into them the "breath of life," and they became 'living souls." And God saw that everything He had made was "very good," and gave complete dominion over all to the human beings He loved. But Adam and Eve were also made of the dust of the ground; and, therefore, we find the eternal contradiction in man's nature, ever striving for the ideal of perfection, but ever doomed to fall, before he can reach the full height. And Heaven-born woman! how could she stoop to listen to the base serpent, how could she descend to coveting the apple? Only one answer is possible; it is human nature.

Eve is the True Woman, with all a woman's faults and beauties. The first fact about her is that she is to be the help-meet of man; and—this is to be noticed,—she was created equal to man, not below him. So, if woman is to be his help-meet, man is to be her tender friend and defender and supporter—"leaving all and cleaving to her." Man and woman were made to be true companions, one in thought and action.

But, with Eve came also sin and sorrow into the world. First we notice her simplicity and implicit regard to God's commands. But she is

H. H. THE LATE RANI SETHU LAKSHMI BAI, C.I.

See page 184.

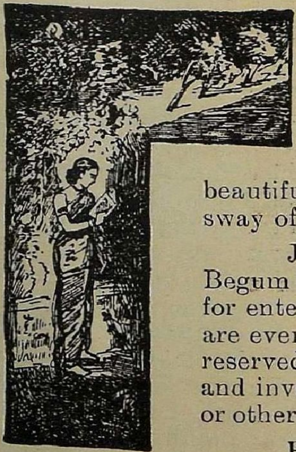
HER HIGHNESS THE BEGUM SAHEBA OF JANJIRA.

of too simple a nature. She does not look forward into the future; she is full only of the present. She is too curious-minded; and therefore her thoughts are easily turned aside; she deludes herself into making excuses for her faults, even thinks what she is doing is right. I wonder how man would have acted under the circumstances. Would he have given in to the temptation? I think he would have, only he would have adduced weightier reasons for his fall than poor Eve could think of. But, if the end justifies the means, does not the end also condemn the means? As it was, he laid the blame on his wife—a for-ever-to-be memorable accusation against him. What is the moral?—A man should not always listen to his wife; but should guide her where necessary, just as she should guide him, where necessary.

In what way does the first temptation gain on Eve? It was "good for food"—a domestic gain; it was a "delight to the eyes"—an aesthetic satisfaction; it was to be desired to make one wise,"—a gratification of vanity; an ambition of intellect. Eve was too much of a woman to resist the three-fold allurement. She gives in, and the punishment follows—the eternal curse on human kind. No longer dominant lord of the earth, man was to work for his bread; and—oh! hard punishment on poor frail woman!—woman was to be subject to her husband—a fact which is much apparent in modern days. But, if woman brought evil, she was also to find a remedy for it. There was to be constant enmity between the woman and the serpent. From the woman was to come the strength, with which man could fight against evil.

So Adam and Eve go out into the world. But "every cloud has a silver lining." Out of Eve's sorrow comes her consolation. She has brought forth a *man*—a man with his infinite possibilities—into the world. And she has to learn to be humble now; she says it is "with the help of the Lord." But, even here, there is punishment for her. She is the mother of Cain—the murderer, the wanderer, the man whose hand was to be against the world, and the world's hand against him. Poor Eve! Her heart is now quite chastened. No longer joyous and irresponsive, she is the sad bereaved mother. But, to the suffering heart again comes the consolation. She has another son, and afterwards grandsons and granddaughters. It must have been a grand sight to see Eve, the grandmother, in the happy dignity of old age, with her children and children's children around her. She must have told the little ones wonderful stories. She must have loved them all; but, her heart's best love would have been given to Cain, just as all mothers turn most tenderly to their unfortunate children. Do you not agree with me?

H. H. THE BEGUM SAHEBA OF JANJIRA.



H. H. the Lady Nazli Rafiya Sultana, Nawab Begum Saheba of Janjira, is of stately demeanour and distinguished beauty and a very well-known figure in social circles. Her taste in dress is indisputable, and her invariably rich costumes are classed as artistic creations of a refined and elegant soul. A unique taste is displayed in their manipulation. In her wonderful dresses she has immortalised some of the rare and most beautiful embroideries of India, now alas! swiftly disappearing under the new sway of the easier and more quickly done handicrafts of Europe.

Janjira is one of the most beautiful spots of nature's creations and there the Begum Saheba reigns the queen of beauty and goodness. She does not really care for entertaining on a large scale, but at a quiet house-party she is delightful, and all are ever ready to speak of her goodness and sweetness. Naturally of a shy and reserved temperament, she shuns publicity of all kinds and quietly arranges plans and invents diversions for her guests. She has no fads or hobbeys, philanthropic or otherwise, but quietly patronises several organizations.

Her Highness is passionately fond of gardening, and devotes a good deal of her time to the splendidly laid-out vast grounds. There are perhaps very few gardens in India excelling the one at Admedgunj. A new palace is being erected on the premises, in which Her Highness's artistic ideas have been carried out. It will be quite complete in three or four months and is a structure eliciting profound admiration. The minutest details have been carefully thought out and planned.

Her Highness spends a quiet, noble, simple country life in Janjira, where she has many interests and missions in life. It is impossible to estimate fully the good she has done in her kingdom. Her efforts in advancing and promoting the bettering of the ignorant and in spreading wider knowledge have been unobstrusively great and the good that she has done is incalculable and everlasting.

She is very *well* versed in Persian, English and Urdu and speaks Turkish and Mahrathi, which is prevalent here. She was born in Constantinople and knows more or less the Turkish language and speaks it at home. Her mother is one of the most gifted ladies in the family, and has just finished writing a book in Urdu and a very good Persian scholar also. The Begum Saheba is also a wonderful shot and rarely misses. There are preserves in the jungles where wild animals are plentiful.

Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

By Jean Delaire,

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

IV.—ANNE DE BEAUJEU.

It is a curious fact that so little—comparatively speaking—should be known about Madame Anne de Beaujeu, a princess whose influence over the destinies of her country has perhaps been greater than that of any other woman in France, Joan of Arc alone excepted.

The great king, Louis XI, had died in 1483, leaving three children, Anne, the eldest, wife of Pierre de Beaujeu, of the house of Bourbon, Jeanne, Duchess of Orleans, and the Dauphin, a mere boy, who succeeded his father under the name of Charles VIII. The policy of Louis XI had been one long, ever renewed fight against great barons of his kingdom, the Dukes of Brittainy, of Anjou, of Alencon, of Orleans, even the Duke or Berry, the King's own brother, and—most powerful adressary of all—the famous Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. With infinite trouble and many failures,—also with a cynical indifference as to the means employed in the pursuit of his end,—the king had at last realised the dream: the unity of the kingdom under one head—the king. Louis's own brother, ever one of his chief enemies, died by poison, said to have been given him by a priest in the pay of the King; the Duke of Alencon died in the same way; the Comte d'Armagnac and his wife were assassinated, the Duke of Nemours and the Comte de St. Pol were beheaded; Charles the Bold died fighting. The Duke of Orleans and the Baron of Beaujeu, Cadet of the house of Bourbon, were attached to the throne—momentarily, at least—by marriage with the King's daughters. The aristocracy was vanquished; the old feudal power, although it took three centuries to die, had received its deathblow. As a modern historian has said, in summing up the policy of Louis XI: "Monarchy came out of his hands stained with blood, but feared by the nobles and respected by the people."

To this king succeeded a mere child, weak in mind as in body. The last scattered remnants of the aristocratic party saw in this situation a last, a supreme hope. Anne de Beaujeu was not regent, even in name; she was but a girl of two-and-twenty, ignorant of State-government, brought up in the semi-monastical seclusion to which all high-born ladies of the time were condemned. Moreover, she was married to a man who had himself taken arms against the king, and who would no doubt be on the side of the Barons, should these ever claim his help. Anne de Beaujeu's only justification of authority lay in her father's last wish, Louis XI having left in her hands the care of the young king's education. Her position at court was thus an ill-defined and doubly difficult one. She had neither the title nor the power of a regent, and before any of her wishes could be carried out, they had first of all to be made acceptable to that youthful despot, her brother, Charles VIII. She had not a single partisan at court, but stood alone among her foes, the great Barons, all eager to undo her father's life-work, and become once more the real masters of the kingdom.

Louis XI had not been dead many days when the Duke of Orleans—who had wedded the King's younger daughter, Jeanne de France—

took upon himself kingly authority, and, helped by his brothers, Comte d'Angouleme and Comte de Dunois, distributed land and money to his partisans, while the favourites of the late King were sent to prison and the scaffold. Most significant act of all, a royal bodyguard composed of six thousand Swiss was, by order of the Duke of Orleans, taken away from the young King.

In spite of this challenge, Anne de Beaujeu held her peace. With characteristic prudence, she let her enemies entangle themselves still further in their own intrigues, before she dealt them the first blow. It was a bold stroke when it came: The Duke of Orleans, a prince of the blood and the first noble in the kingdom, was openly accused of high treason, and a party of the king's soldiers were sent to arrest him. Unluckily for Madame de Beaujeu and for France, the Duke was warned in time and made good his escape, immediately joining the Duke of Brittainy and the Archduke Maximilian in a new conspiracy against the Throne, even going so far as to seek the alliance of the King of England, Richard III, against the royal House of France.

Louis XI.

It was then, in the hour of utmost peril, that Anne de Beaujeu revealed herself as a woman of genius and a true leader of men. Richard of England threatened her: she sent men and money to his rival, Henry Richmond, who later became King under the name of Henry VII. The Archduke Maximilian and the Duke of Brittainy formed an alliance against her: to both she opposed the same tactics. The Flemish provinces were then an appanage of the Imperial crown: she signed a treaty with these provinces against the Archduke, while against the Duke of Brittainy she led his own aristocracy, ever ready to take arms against the ducal house; as for Louis d'Orleans, he was captured at last by the famous La Tremoille, Anne's right hand, and brought back, repentant, to court.

For the nonce Anne was victorious over all her adversaries, yet the difficulties she had overcome were but a prelude to the far greater difficulties that were to follow. Her old enemy, the Archduke Maximilian, was called to the imperial throne by his father's death, and one of his first acts as kaiser was to renew hostilities against the House of France. Immediately the great nobles of the kingdom followed his banner, and thus a new league was formed, of the aristocracy against royalty, a league almost, if not quite, as formidable as the one which, twenty years before, Louis XI had only been able to defeat after marvels of craft and ingenuity, and an immense sacrifice of men and money.

To all who attacked her, Anne opposed a brave front—general and diplomatist in one—and firing her young brother's imagination with tales of noble deeds, she sent him, a monarch of fourteen, to win his spurs on the battlefield.

The young King did well; probably his generals did better still, and the royal army was everywhere victorious. The Duke of Brittainy's troops were defeated at the famous battle of St. Aubin-du-Cormier; that incorrigible rebel, the Duke of Orleans, was taken prisoner with his ally, the Prince of Orange, and the capture of these two chiefs spelt ruin to their party. Once more Anne de Beaujeu's determination, promptitude and courage, had saved her brother's throne. She did still more. She gave him a wife and a rich province.

At the death of the Duke of Brittainy, the duchy passed to his only daughter, Princess Anne, for whose hand Kings and Emperors competed. The kaiser Maximilian was the favoured suitor; yet it was Madame de Beaujeu who won the Princess. While the kaiser sent his ambassador to Brittainy to wed the young Duchess by proxy, Madame de Beaujeu persuaded her brother to imitate the paladins of old, and, lance in hand, ride to the conquest of a province and a bride. Nothing loth, the boy-king started on his adventurous journey, entered the ducal city of Rennes, obtained an interview with the Princess, and three days later Charles, King of France, and Anne, Duchess of Brittainy, celebrated their espousals in the presence of Madame de Beaujeu, the Grand Chancellor of Brittainy and several French and Breton princes of the blood. The marriage was solemnised with great pomp the following winter, in Touraine, and by one clause of the marriage contract, all rights over the Duchy of Brittainy were ceded to the King by his bride.

This marriage was the crowning act of Madame de Beaujeu's political career. Her brother, the King, was now one-and-twenty, and, thanks to her wise guardianship, was capable of governing by himself. With admirable tact and self-effacement, Madame de Beaujeu returned to private life the moment her work was accomplished.

Of the years that intervened between her retirement from Court and her death, in 1522, little is known, and the student of her life is left to wonder what joys and sorrows, hopes and anxieties may have fallen to the share of this remarkable woman, when the clever diplomatist, the bold leader of men, returned to the daily routine of domestic life—became once more merely the head of a household, the diligent wife who, surrounded by her maids, sat at her spinning-wheel throughout the long winter evenings, while the Chaplain of the castle read aloud the lives of the Saints, or some passing minstrel sang of love and the sweet April to come. . .

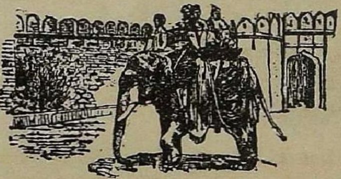
In the history of Anne de Beaujeu, the biographer discovers neither happy romance nor sombre tragedy—only a life of duty simply done. For those who know something of human nature, it is easy, however, to believe that beneath her virile strength, her calm dignity, her queenly self-possession in the face of every danger, there yet beat a woman's heart—tender, pitiful, loving; but the mystery of this woman's heart must remain for ever unsolved. Whether she was happy in the life-companionship of Pierre de Beaujeu, a man to whom she had been wedded—as were wedded most women of her time—without her consent, and when she was little more than a child, is another of the many questions which the historian, search he ever so diligently the records of the past, must leave unanswered in the end. Neither do we know whether this woman, Madame la Grande, as the people loved to call her who had used Kings and Emperors as mere pawns in her game, who had helped to make History, and with her frail woman's hands had raised and removed mountains in the political world, ended her days in perfect content in her self-imposed seclusion and the quiet monotony of home life. Only this we know, that, in studying the life of Madame Anne de Beaujeu, we stand in the presence of one of the most remarkable characters to which France—or indeed any other country—has given birth.

" She is less of a fool than most women, for none are wise," had been the cynical judgment passed by Louis XI on his favourite daughter.

But not only was Madame de Beaujeu wise, but she proved herself wiser than the great King himself, for she continued his policy while committing none of his blunders, or ever employing his often needlessly cruel means of self-defence. One sees in her another Louis XI —but Louis XI at his greatest and best. She had his keen, clear intellect, his profound knowledge of human nature, his steadfastness of purpose, his power over men, his foresight, his prudence. She had neither his low cunning, his cruelty or his lust of power. She fought with the weapons of diplomacy as well as in open battle, but she never hired an assassin to murder her enemy, and her enemy's wife and unborn child, as her father had done. She triumphed at last over all her adversaries, but the severest sentence she passed on her vanquished foes was banishment, not the iron cages of the Bastille, wherein, during her father's reign, more than one tortured wretch had cursed his king and the day that he was born. Then, her work faithfully accomplished, she did not cling to power, as Louis XI had done with his dying breath.

She had given to her brother a secure throne, a rich province, a fair wife. To the nation she had given peace—that supreme gift in those troubled times; and the woman, to whose genius both king and country owed so vast a debt of gratitude, returned to obscurity, simply and without regret, far from the court she had ruled and the throne she had upheld.

H. H. Sethu Lakshmi Bai, C. I., the late Senior Rani of Travancore.



WHOEVER has made a trip into the beautiful and magnificent lagoons that extend from one end of Travancore to the other, will remember the beauty, the sublimity and the serenity that pervades every inch of ground in Travancore. In this country nature spreads her splendid charms and every casual wayfarer is captivated by the fine natural scenery visible here, there and everywhere. The mighty lagoons resembling streams of liquid silver, vast plains waving with rich verdure, long deep valleys teeming with fertility, boundless rice-fields waving with golden corn, the cocoa-palms moving their heads to and fro in the wind, all vie with one another and add to the glory and grace of this land.

Away to the east of the lagoons may be seen the far-famed cardamom mountains swelling up to a noble height. The sides of these mountains are covered with green trees; every valley, every bank of the brooks is decked with wild flowers. From the mountains on every side many a river descends, fills the valley with verdure and fertility, and rolls away in solemn silence to the neighbouring ocean. Here the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery is quite manifest, and never need a Travancoreau go beyond the limits of his own country in search of them.

In many respects Travancore is a blessed country; for, as the poet says:

> "Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
> That proudly rise or humbly court the ground.
> Whatever blooms in torrid tracks appear,
> Whose bright succession decks the varied year,
> Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
> With vernal lives that blossom to die,
> These here dispersing own the kindred soil,
> Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil."

This renowned Native State of Travancore has long been under hereditary Maharajas. Under these Maharajas, Travancore attained great fame, and especially under the benign rule of the present Maharaja has the country attained more fame and has had the proud distinction of being called a 'model State' in India. According to the 'Marumakkathayam' law of Malabar, the women are the chief members of a family and a family is considered to be flourishing only if there are many women in it. As a matter of course Travancore is also subject to this law. About fifty years ago there were no female members in the Royal family, and so in the year 1033 M. E. for the continuance of the Royal race two Ranees were adopted from the Mavelikara Royal family, which is closely related to the Travancore Royal family. Ranee Sethu Lakshmi Bai was the elder of the two adopted.

This Sethu Lakshmi Bai was born in the Palace at Mavelikara, a town situated in the very bosom of Travancore. Her Highness was the eldest daughter of Mr. Ravi Varma, Koil Tampuran of Pallam.

The early life of the Ranee was spent in the princely mansions of Mavelikara, where dwelt many members of the family, who were versed in the Sanskrit and Malayalam languages. The princess received her education from her mother, who was a tolerably well educated woman. The Ranee thus had many opportunities of acquiring knowledge of Sanskrit and Malayalam.

After spending ten years of her early life in the beautiful town of Mavelikara, she had to remove to Trivandram, the residence of the Travancore Maharajas. Soon after their adoption, arrangements were made to teach the Rani and her sister, English, Sanskrit, music, painting, &c., in which the Ranee shone brightly in after years. She had a great desire to study the English language and vigorously set herself to master that tongue. In music, none excelled her, and in Sanskrit she was an admirable scholar.

Scarcely twelve months had elapsed after her adoption when a bright day dawned in the life of the Senior Ranee and that was the day of her marriage. The consort chosen for the Senior Ranee was H. H. Kerala Varma, C.S.I., M.R.H.S., F.R.H.S., our Valiya Koil Tampuran, who is well known throughout India. His Highness is a member of the celebrated Koil Tampuran family of Haripad. During his early years he received a good education from his uncle, the father of the reigning Maharaja. After some years, Subba Dikshathar was made his Sanskrit tutor and Dr. Wairing, English tutor. The happy marriage took place in the year 1034 M. E. Greetings poured in from all sides of Travancore. There were rejoicings in every nook and corner of the place. Numerous Brahmins were fed and were given liberal *dhakshana*. The lower classes were given food and clothing. After this marriage Kerala Varma lived in Trivandram with the Senior Ranee. Many were the happy days that they spent together there. They conjointly set themselves to work for the expansion of the Malayalam literature, and it can be said, without any fear of contradiction, that they were eminently successful in their noble undertaking. It was while living in Trivandram that H. H. Kerala Varma began to write books, almost all in verse, which are much appreciated by men inside and outside Travancore. In Sanskrit there is none to excel him even to this day, and rightly has he been called the "modern Kalidasa" of India. It is an unimpeachable fact that he is the benefactor of the modern Malayalam literature. Owing to the many charitable deeds he had performed, the British Government made him a Commander of the Star of India. About the same time Her Highness, the Senior Ranee, was also decorated with the rare honor and title of *Crown of India*.

By Her Highness' happy union with Kerala Varma, the senior Ranee also became an admirable Sanskrit and Malayalam poetess. Her Highness' poetic faculties were also of an extraordinary degree. She herself had composed many '*Sanker thanams*' and famous songs of which the most famous is the "*Nalacharitham Thiruvathira pattoo.*" Only a few of Her Highness' works are printed and many still remain in manuscript. She was a patron of literature and encouraged and helped many a budding literary man. Her

efforts in the cause of education were of no mean order. The expansion and the present enlightened state of female education in Travancore are in truth only the outcome of Her Highness' noble qualities of head and heart.

Thus the years rolled on. The Rani was fortunate in every respect but one thing, and that was, she was not blest to have a child. She went on a pilgrimage to all the holy places in South India, "The land of shrines and temples", in the fond hope that her desire sooner or later would be gratified. Many religious ceremonies were performed in the temples of Travancore. But unhappy was Her Highness and unhappy was Travancore in this respect. Two princesses were therefore again adopted lately from the Mavilikara family. But children had been born to her sister Parvathi Bai, the Junior Ranee of Travancore, who gave birth to four Princes and these four Princes were Kerala Varma, Aditya Varma, Rama Varma, and Marthanda Varma. Rani Lakshmi Bai took up these princes, and brought them up as her own children. Of these 4 Princes, Prince Marthanda Varma, was a graduate of the Madras University. He was the first member of the Travancore Royal family to take a University Degree.

But still was fate unkind towards Rani Lakshmi Bai. Not only had she no children, but also those children whom she had brought up as her own were taken away. One by one the four Princes born to the junior Ranee passed away. This was too much for her tender heart to endure. Her Highness became broken-hearted; and soon, in the year 1076, she also yielded to the cruel hand of death. The whole of Travancore still mourns her loss. Much has been done to perpetuate her name and fame in and out of Travancore. Lately, a Malayalam monthly journal, which goes by the revered name of "Lakshmi Bai," has been started at Trichur in her memory.

A Remote Fishing Village.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]

THREE miles north of Dornoch, on the north-east coast of Scotland, lies a quaint little fishing village named Embo, which, because of its peculiar seclusiveness and primitiveness, deserves a few words of description all to itself. Embo consists of four parallel rows of whitewashed cottages, running down to the extreme edge of the sea. The population—about 300—is almost entirely composed of fisher men and women, who are born, grow up, marry and die in this one place, never seeing anything beyond its immediate surroundings. There is also in the place a schoolmaster's house, a small post office and a somewhat superior cottage in which lives a carter who lets out cart horses on hire and who is considered many degrees more respectable and wealthy than the fisher folk around him. Here also lodges the schoolmaster's assistant, a pale young woman with a strong Scotch accent, who very kindly gave my friend and me tea and information about the place when we walked over from Dornoch. The people of Embo are an independent sturdy race who have intermarried for generations and never dream of taking a husband or a wife from any other spot than their own village. The consequence of this is that many of the children are deficient mentally or morally. They have splendid memories and to the casual observer appear fairly intelligent, but a teacher quickly discovers that some of them are hopelessly lacking in concentration or will power, or the ability to grasp or understand new ideas. To interest even the normal child in what goes on in the outer world, is immensely difficult. His horizon is bounded by a few miles of woods and unfrequented roads, the beach and wide green sea, and the fishing conversation of his parents and relations. Nothing else ever comes his way. His sole food is fish and potatoes; he sees fish, hears fish, smells fish all day long. The vivid pictures presented to him at school of streets and shops, of omnibuses and motor cars, with which the teacher tries to arouse his attention, excite no interest in him; they belong to a world entirely beyond his ken, and they awake no responsive echo in his imagination. Absolutely new ideas cannot be engrafted second-hand; they can only take root when some effort on our own part is made to receive them.

Their constant battle with winds and weather, and their out of door life, have made the people of Embo very strong, and the women are as sturdy as the men. One reason for their strict intermarriage is, that only an Embo woman born and bred can stand the life that is demanded of her. On stormy mornings, when the boats come in laden with fish, it is the women who rush half naked into the water and drag the boats up on to the beach and carry the fish up to the cottages. The men have done their duty by catching them and now lounge off to sleep and smoke. It is the women too, who trudge into Dornoch in the summer time to sell their fish to the numerous visitors, who eagerly buy the fresh, cheap haddocks and plaice. This is the harvest time of the Embo people, for during most of the year they can get very little sale for their fish and have to live upon it themselves

and upon what they can save from their short abundant "season." The Embo people have no clocks and consequently no idea of time. They send their children to school by guesswork or from the look of the sun. They arrive sometimes a quarter of an hour too early, sometimes a quarter of an hour too late, for the word punctuality has no meaning for them at all.

The finger of civilization however has just touched the Embo people, and its mark deepens yearly. During the last three years a light railway has been opened between the Mound station and Dornoch, passing Embo on the way, so that now four times a day, the Embo people have a link between themselves and the outer world. Most of them had never seen an engine before and gathered round it in the greatest curiosity, uttering strange ejaculations of surprise in their unintelligible gaelic dialect. It was some time before any one would venture to go in the train, and when they did at last, the unaccustomed motion caused them such qualms of sea sickness that they declared they would never go again. Now, however, they use the train freely, within a radius of a few miles, and especially for going to and from Dornoch.

The Embo people are very religious and study the Bible a great deal. They have no church nor pastor but walk every Sunday into Dornoch, where, poor as they are, they have been paying two guineas every week for the use of a hall, and the privilege of a preacher. In the Scotch religious controversies now raging however, their particular sect has got the upper hand, and at present the Embo fisher folk reign in glory in the small church.

The school teacher, who gave us tea, told us that her life was a somewhat trying one, and her post most difficult to fill. The difficulties are further increased by the fact that none of the children can speak English, and, as they must learn it all their lessons have to be taught to them through the medium of a strange tongue; the school teacher knows only a few words of Gaelic, which had made the School Board very anxious to retain her services; but at the end of a fortnight she had sent in her resignation: she could not bear the dreary loneliness of the life. At the urgent entreaties of the Board, however, backed up by the Dornoch minister, for whom she entertained great respect and veneration, she had at last consented to stay, and it is now three years since she first came to Embo. Her own home is in Glasgow, and the change must indeed be great, from the stir and busy life of a large town, to this lonely fishing village on the lip of a far northern bay, exposed to the full fury of the winter's storms, where the short winter's day is over by four o'clock and sixteen hours of darkness begin; her life spent in trying to bring order and intelligence into the lives of a number of half civilised, wholly ignorant crowd of children, her only companions, the schoolmaster and his wife, and another teacher, whose home is in the next village and whose native language is Gaelic. True, she has friends in Dornoch, but the loneliness and darkness of the road there cuts her off from them during the winter months, and almost all the day-light hours are taken up by her work. On Sundays she again mixes with the outer world, for she sings in the choir of the Dornoch cathedral, and nothing short of impassable snow drifts would prevent her from making the journey on that day. Nevertheless she does not complain, and surely her life is a noble one?

It hardly ever occurs to the Embo people, that any other life is possible for them than that led by their parents and grand-parents before them. Each child that is born is destined to live and die in his native village, as a fisherman or fisherwoman. Such a state of things ought not to continue. The people are already losing their wit and intelligence through the intense contraction, and, unless the race is renewed by a fresh stock, will continue to deteriorate at an ever increasing ratio. The only remedy is to instil into the minds of the children the desire for progress and that divine discontent which will lead them to seek better things further afield.

Malati.

A translation of a remarkable Bengal novelette, by the authoress Srimati Swarna Kumari Devi.

(Some of the passages have been omitted, owing to want of space).

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH an extensive open plain the Sukhamayi meandered between its sandy banks. Close by the river was a trim flowergarden with a pleasant bower in it, and plenty of stone seats here and there for the convenience of resorters. The most comfortable among them was sheltered on either side by a Parijata tree draped in jessamine. There were two persons seated upon it talking to each other. Like frail hope in a broken heart a half-moon sent forth its feeble rays. The soft rays of that silver moon made the flowing ripples of the Sukhamayi dance and quivèr, opened in full the half-shut eyelids of the jessamines, and lighted up the fair face of Malati. She was a

lovely maiden of sixteen—a figure of sylph-like grace—a smiling bud about to bloom. Few indeed could have set eyes on a lovelier creature.

Malati, as she talked, now gazed on the moon in the sky, now on the glimmering row of ripples dancing in the moon-light. Thus noting whatever met her eyes, she said, "Dear brother! Though but ten days remain, it hangs so heavy on me that it seems we have many a year before us."

The smile on the youth's lips and the blush that rose to his cheeks more than spoke in his turn. Turning her rosy face towards him, Malati remarked exultantly "Brother! We two are the only occupants of our house now. If Shobhané comes, we will be three; and when you go out on any business I need no more be alone."

The youth was a barrister, but, failing in his profession he had accepted the post of a Munsiff and taken up country life. Laughing at her words, he observed "Malati! that is why, perhaps, you look so overjoyed."

"No brother! not so" she replied bashfully "You do not know how dearly I love Shobhané."

"How could you bear such love to her without ever seeing her? Even the acquaintances of your dream seem to affect you."

"What if I have not seen her? I have learnt her whole history from you; and that is enough to make me love her. Oh! how I long to see her! Brother! Is it not possible for me to see her some time before her marriage? Can you not take me to Calcutta for a day at least?"

"It is very inconvenient for you to travel by train such a long distance. Else, need you crave for it? Even Shobhané has many a time expressed her desire to see you."

"So, she too loves me then!"

There was silence for a while. Then the flush on her face disappeared. At last with a deep sigh she said "Brother! If only mother were alive, how happy would she feel in this marriage."

The youth at this sat absorbed for a while in his own thoughts and then remarked "could this marriage take place if she were now alive?"

The girl with amazed anxiety asked "Could it not, brother?" The youth sat stern and self-contained, but did not reply.

"Why not if she be alive?" Malati repeated.

The youth hesitated and looked about and then observed. "If she were alive I could not have gone to England, nor remained unmarried till now."

"Why so? Had not mother promised to send you to England? Surely, you are hiding something. You have withheld it from me."

For a few minutes the youth sat with a set rigid face and then he slowly said "Malati! you are now old enough to know anything. Indeed one fact has till now remained a secret from you, and *that* I will disclose to you now. Malati! *you are not really my sister.*"

Malati is not Ramesha's sister! Then this earth has not a single kinsman to Malati! He, whom she had till now regarded as her brother, the one kinsman in the whole wide world, is not her brother! This turned her heart sick and faint within her.

"Malati," the youth resumed "you are the daughter of a friend of mother's. When you were only a year old, your mother, a widow then, died. My mother then brought you up as her own child. I was then seven years of age. All this I can well remember. It was my mother's intention to make us man and wife. That is the reason why I told you this marriage could not have taken place if she were alive."

Malati did not hear these words. She seemed to have been enveloped in a sort of gloom and her heart fluttered under a strange emotion. He, whom she regarded as light in her darkness, as all in all in her solitude, he whom she held dearer than her own life, he is not her brother! He is in no way related to her, in no way connected to her! Malati is an orphan girl in this world!

The half-moon suddenly hid itself in the clouds, darkening the flower garden, the river and with them poor Malati's heart. The girl with irrepressible grief broke into passionate sobbing.

Ramesha, reading intuitively the drift of her feelings in her looks, said "Malati! Why do you weep? Though you are not my sister by birth, our love must needs endure. Though there be no relationship between us both, the intimate friendship which has lasted to this day must not fail us in the future, but hold on through both our lives. Even if you were my own sister, I could not have loved you better. My affection for you is pure and everlasting. Angels themselves cannot love each other better."

Thus consoling, he wiped away her tears. The sad face of Malati slowly bloomed again.

What else does Malati need! The same friendship—the same affection is pledged. What more would she want!

CHAPTER II.

A couple of years have rolled by. With the footprints of action in the course of every man's life, these fleeting years have sunk into eternity.

In a room tastefully furnished, sat Shobhané on a sofa by a marble table, rolling tender betel-leaves for her husband. By her side, on another sofa sat Ramesha, reading the Sanskrit Ratnávali and explaining it to his wife.

Though Ramesha was an England-returned man, he never neglected his Sanskrit. When Shobhané had finished her preparation of betel-leaves, she washed her hands and sat up to hear better. But Ramesha paused to ask questioningly "Shobhané, where is Malati gone? She has not come here to listen to Ratnávali."

Shobhané, repressing some emotion, said in a gentle voice "Shall I fetch her?"

"Never mind, she must be culling flowers somewhere, or teaching the parrot to talk, or else collecting the pebbles on the river-side. Where can you go in search of her? She will herself be back soon."

The youth read on—

So wild in love, so bashful too and absent souled
Dear friend, death is my only refuge now, I hold.

While he was explaining the stanza, his eyes fell upon Shobhané. Her eyes were brimming with tears. "Shobhane" the youth remarked, "There is 'a glow of unconscious tears in your eyes.' Possibly the drift of the passage has affected you too deeply."

"What passage do you mean?" she exclaimed, startled at the remark.

In truth Shobhané was not listening to Ramesha, but was lost in her own thoughts. The youth could read no further. So he shut his book and drawing Shobhané to his side said "Shobhané! where is it gone—that smile on your face. Before marriage your face bloomed with joy at my sight. Why will not such feelings show out now? you always look gloomy. Shobhané do you repent your marriage with me?"

Tears streamed from Shobhané's eyes. In a choked voice, she replied "Do I repent having married you? Even life in hell with you cannot be cause for grief. It will be converted a heaven for me. Need I then grieve for being your wife? But—"

"But—what? Oh! Shobhané, tell me, tell me if you can."

The words touched her heart.

"I know not what wrong I have committed," she said with grief, "But this I know, you have not felt happy in having married me."

"What do you mean, Shobhané? By what action or word or aspect of mine could you know that?"

Fixing her eyes on the ground, Shobhané in broken accents said "Lord! What merit is there in me to make you happy? Am I, at any rate, handsome? What marked grace do I own? If not beauty, merit at least could have won you over. No such merit have I; nor any learning, else I should have entertained you with intelligent conversation. Though lacking beauty, merit, learning, and intellect, I at first thought to deserve your love with my hearty services. There too I fail; even for that I am not destined."

Ramesha patiently listened. When Shobhane had finished her speech, he laughingly replied "who says you are not my equal in knowledge and wisdom? In fact, few *men* can lecture as well as you upon this subject. As regards your personal appearance, it is I, not you, that should judge it. If this be all the cause of your discontent, then it is groundless. Shobhané, I am not joking with you; no nymph can equal you in beauty and merit. I know that. Any heaven-descended angel I would not have in your place. Oh! queen of my heart! Without you, this world itself has no attraction for me. You are to me everything, the very embodiment of my happiness."

Shobhané's lips were sealed with ecstasy. Were all that she had spoken then but inventions of a confused brain?

She fell at her husband's feet and burst out "I am a sinner. Even hell cannot hold me; or however could I suspect my faithful lord? I know not what atonement this deserves. I shall now make a confession of everything to you. I shall make clear to you the hell-fire I endure in silence. Pardon me, if my crime be pardonable, else yourself punish me. My life I place at your disposal. Oh, Lord! my heart flames. It seems to me you do not love me. *You love*——." Here she broke down, overpowered by shame and modesty.

Ramesha was struck with wonder at these words. He could not yet fully catch the drift of her feelings. Raising her up gently, he asked, "What, Shobhané! What did you say? 'I love'—whom?"

"*Ma-la-ti*" came the answer in a broken murmur.

"I *love* Malati! Oh, heavens! Though she be not my sister, I bear to her a brotherly affection; and this I have done ever since my childhood."

Encouraged still more by his words, Shobhané answered in a querulous tone "I speak not of that affection. I mean the passion with which you love her dearer than me."

Now the young man saw the tenor of his wife's mind. Laughing with an effort, he said, "In that case could I not have married Malati? Why, then, did I marry you?"

"Perhaps you did not understand your own self when you wished to marry me."

"If I knew me not then, I know nothing of me now. I love her now as ever I did before; and that love is a chaste fraternal affection, not passion."

At this a smile came to Shobhané's face, but soon the smile was gone. With a sad and grave look, she resumed "Laugh not. If you prove

to me that all this is not passion, that you are mine and are attached to none else, what more need I? Could then anyone be as happy as I shall be?

"Shobhané, I can talk no more of it. I should prefer the shock of a lightning to the words of censure from her, the yearning to see whom can never clay, whom I can never love to my heart's content, whose form is ever present to my heart."

The words struck her mind with electric force. Falling at his feet she said "Lord! Is there any expiation for my sin? With me you can never more feel happy. Death, I think, is the only just punishment for me."

The youth's love for his wife was not in the least alienated, rather his heart melted at her words. He wiped her tears and said "Shobhané, you will not much mind my words. They were only the outcome of my heartache. You did well to disclose your mind. Do not hide anything more you have to say."

"I have withheld nothing. My Lord! if this sinful soul deserves a place by you, you may own me; else I am ready to die. I do not in the least fear death. Night and day I pray God to rid me of this world. Only He knows that."

Here she paused a moment. Ramesha intently looked at her, uncertain what more she would say next.

Suddenly Malati rushed into the house, and, with a pleasant smile, presenting Ramesha with a rose, cried "Look here, I have brought you a curiosity. Our rose-plant, which had almost withered, has yielded to-day this flower."

Malati's natural gaity effaced the sombre impression of the house. Tears gleamed in the youth's eyes as he looked upon the happy innocent girl. She was still the same guileless maiden. For her sake, he felt very sad.

But once more the fire was raked up! Observing that smile of his, Shobhané could not again persuade herself to her late belief. Man is his own enemy. He is, by nature, capricious. A moment ago, Shobhané was determined to give no room for any other doubt in her mind. Now again she was incredulous and herself knew not why. Ramesha's professions of sincerity were now all in vain. They were all reduced to vapour by his one smile. Shobhané had never before seen that lovely, dreamy, and happy smile rise to his face. Ramesha, at that instant, was not himself at all; or he would not have then ventured to smile so. Once more her heart flamed like wild fire!

CHAPTER III.

Since that eventful day Shobhané became reserved. But Malati knew nothing of these events, nothing of the changes touching her that had come about in that little sphere, or how could her sunny face keep up its smile? Yet sometimes the sad impression of the house would penetrate her childlike heart. And, Malati, ignorant of everything, tried to make Shobhané laugh with her usual play. She presented her the flowers she liked most. But, when even that failed to please her, Malati would feel sad and would retire to some lonely spot to weep. She would then be alone on the river-side and not return home till late in the night. Her disposition on her return home depended on that of Ramesha's. She would feel happy if she found him in high spirits. If not, she would go over to the river-side again to weep there all alone. Once while she was sitting there sobbing, Ramesha found her to his painful surprise, and approached her from behind and, laying his hands on her shoulders, asked her "Why, Malati, why do you sit here thus all alone?" Knowing him by his voice she looked behind and tears streamed unchecked from her eyes. She herself knew not why she was sobbing, how then could she possibly explain to him? Ramesha wiped her tears and again questioned her "Why, Malati, why do you cry?

Malati took this opportunity and said in a murmur "Brother, what is the matter with you. You do not indulge in chats with me as before? Say, have I by any means wronged you?"

At these innocent words of Matati, the youth forced a laugh and said, "Malati, is there the remotest probability of my getting angry with you? Can you really understand the cause of all my present misery and these bitter tears I shed? Oh, you are too young for all that."

Well might Ramesha say she was young. For, though Malati was twenty, her candour and guileless innocence spoke of her childlike heart. But she had all a woman's sensitiveness. A woman most readily sympathizes with the unhappy. However much inexperienced she may be, she has a ready insight into other's sufferings.

Therefore Malati said "Brother, can I not understand you? A girl you say? Three years ago did you not yourself admit that I was old enough to know anything? Am I not now older still?"

Ramesha was a human being and he was not above the human weakness of giving in to Malati. His heart spontaneously yielded to her. "Malati," he said, "would you hear the tale of my sorrow? The source of my happiness is now the cause of my misery. Shobhané has made both herself and me unhappy."

He then explained to her briefly the whole situation. Malati silently heard him through. Her pale lips quivered. Her strained look was

fixed on the vacant sky. She wept as she stood there and with her Ramesha also wept.

After a while, she exclaimed "Not so. Brother, your hundred words cannot console me. Speak, what shall I do to restore you to happiness. My death will end your troubles, will it not, brother?"

Ramesha began to weep again at Malati's words. He knew what she meant, but was unable to reply. Malati too said no more for some time. There they stood absorbed in their own thoughts and unconscious of their own selves. The youth spoke aloud "Is it meet that Shobhané whom I love with all my heart should thus reproach me? This cruel torture! Is this the guerdon of my love?" Malati, roused to consciousness by these words said "Brother, what did you say? Does Shobhané believe you love me more than her?"

Ramesha gave no answer to this. Malati repeated "What, is Shobhané convinced that you hold me dearer than her?" "Yes" uttered Ramesha rather mechanically.

Right in time came Shobhané on the scene to hear only this last question. Her heart stood still. There was now no mistaking the fact—her doubts are all confirmed. Her ears have verified what her eyes had seen. Her suspicion was not a false invention. She has now listened with her own ears to the love-talk between Malati and Ramesha. Overwhelmed with grief, Shobhané felt half mad, and unconsciously sped to the brink of the river. She cast a last long look around, at her house behind and at the river in front. With electric force, the words flashed through her mind—'Who am I? Whose am I? If I am not my lord's, to whom else do I belong? When my own lord is so indifferent to me who else will take interest in me? This world has no need of me. Society does not mind me. Kinsmen care not for me. Why speak of others? My own self loathes me. Why then should I live to suffer this hell fire? If to-night I should end my life, the sun and moon do not cease to rise; the earth will not stop in its revolution; the seasons repeat their visits as usual; the moon keeps its wonted course. So then, then—' she looked all round. Her head was reeling. Nothing but impenetrable gloom met her on all sides. The earth, the sky, the river, all looked dark. Everywhere a heavy gloom had spread. She felt all round wrapped in gloom. And she jumped into an eddying whirlpool of that dark river.

Ramesha and Malati had followed Shobhané, marking her retreat apparently without a cause. The instant she plunged into the water, Ramesha jumped also and brought her to the shore.

Malati, stunned at this, remained where she had been, like a marble statue.

CHAPTER IV.

Ramesha conveyed Shobhané home to her bed-chamber and laying her down on a sofa sat by her. Shobhané looked all round.

For hours she lay still. Then her husband came to talk to her. The course of Shobhané's thoughts were entirely altered now. From the very moment she fell in the water her life-history had commenced anew. She found her husband as true as ever. Nothing but sincerity now characterised him. She herself did not know how he could appear to her so different so soon.

By and by they fell into conversation. By and by Shobhané begged her husband to forgive her.

. . . .

Far away a mellow music filled the air with its sound, breaking the deathly silence of the night. Ramesha recognised in it the sweet voice of Malati. She had not turned back, but was sauntering out somewhere even at such a late hour. He observed in surprise "Shobhané, she has not yet come home. She is wandering on the plain!" and then with a sardonic smile added "Shobhané, see, how much more must we trouble ourselves for her sake, and how much more affection I have to show her!" A flush of shame passed over Shobhané's face. "Indeed, Malati is a very noble girl. She is staying out alone perhaps on account of to-day's events. I have injured her much. I shall go myself to bring her. I shall supplicate her mercy. My hundreds of faults have not angered her. Will she not forgive me now if I should fall down to her and beg her mercy?"

"No—no, you cannot go. It is too dark without. And who knows where she is? I shall myself find her for you and will soon be back."

Again the sound of the music rose. It was clearly audible through the open window. Both listened intently.

To a far-oft desolate heath,
Where no mortals ever breathe,
There I'm bent alone to hie;
Worldly ends all forego, I—
I, a hopeless castaway
Far, oh far away I'll stray.

Fate my ev'ry hope hath crossed;
All desire for bliss is tossed;
Sad I feel now, but alas,
While I weep my ev'ry loss,
Why should I the bliss of all
With my needless presence gall?

Sun and moon and stars, all ye
Brooks and vines and ev'ry tree
Oh, may all ye witness bear,
Be I aught or anywhere,
But in their undisturbed weal
E'er my utmost bliss I feel.

They were deeply touched by the song. Ramesha was struck with a spasm of pain and his heart sank for some unknown reason.

He got up and opened the door; and soon the air rushed in and blew out the burning lamp. All was dark within. Some fear struck Shobhané also with a chill hand. Ramesha looked behind as he was going. He shuddered as his wife's attempt at suicide in the evening occurred to him. Suddenly the music stopped. Again the heavy silence of the night held sway. With it a feeling of keen sorrow seized Ramesha's soul. With a bitter heart, he bounded onwards through the gloom towards the riverside.

A grim darkness prevailed everywhere—a sombre gloom and a dead silence. Myriads of stars appeared in the sky; still it was dark. Every tree on the river-side was full of innumerable glow-worms; still all was dark below. Ramesha trembled with a strange horror as he rushed down the jetty river-bank. His legs failing him, he stood still and his blood seemed to stagnate in his veins. Hark! What is that! That heavy thud! That splash in the river!

The horrible event of the evening again passed through his mind. He felt life returning to him. His veins tingled. His legs recovered their former strength. Shouting "Malati—Malati" he dashed off in the direction whence the dreadful splash had come. He stood close to the spot, and stared intently in front of him. The ripples before him had all subsided and were flowing down with the current. He gazed into the river. Nothing moved on the dark surface. All looked quite as usual. The Sukhamayi flowed smoothly and inexorably on. Ramesha glanced all round. No trace of Malati was anywhere to be seen. Ramesha cried out "Malati!—Malati!" like a maniac. The river, the sky, and the plain gave an echo to his cries. But no *Malati* ever answered him!

S. Achar.

Microbes, Our Enemies and Friends.

THE most important advance made in medical science within recent years relates to the study of microbes. Davaine, a French physician, was the first to notice that the blood of sheep, dead from carbuncle or anthrax, bore a distinct resemblance to the curious microbes discovered by Pasteur; and he named these microbes "carbuncle bacilli."

The first success opened the way. Physicians immediately set to work to discover the microbes of other infectious diseases—of typhoid, of diphtheria. But science at that time was poorly armed, and had to acknowledge itself beaten. Relapsing fever, unknown in France but frequent in Eastern Europe, alone gave up its secret. A German physician, Obermeyer, discovered its microbe in blood. The parasite resembles a corkscrew, and is capable of moving itself with rapidity. This same extraordinary mobility characterizes the "spirille" of Obermeyer. Being far smaller than the bacillus of carbuncle, it would have passed unnoticed, except for its betraying agitation.

In order to advance the science of microbes, it became necessary to invent more perfect methods of research. Pasteur, profiting by his experience, acquired in the course of his famous investigation of fermentations, proceeded to cultivate microbes in bouillons. He thus showed that puerperal fever is the work of microbes attached to each other like beads on a string, which received the name "streptocoques;" and that the boil proceeded from spherical microbes which were later on named "staphylocoques." Little by little, it was found that other diseases are due to other microbes.

And finally, pressing forward through the breach opened in the great wall of human ignorance, the German savant, Koch, who has most measurably contributed to progress, succeeded in perfecting and in applying what experience had so far taught. In the space of two years, he or his disciples had revealed the microbes of consumption, cholera, diphtheria, typhoid fever, glanders, and several diseases known to cattle. Other investigators had brought to light the bacilli of leprosy, (Hansen,) the "diplocoque" of pneumonia, (Thalamon and A. Fraenkel,) and the bacilli of tetanus or lockjaw, (Nicolaier,) &c. There are some microbes which are little plants, and some which are little animals. For some time we believed that the microbe of malaria was the only one in the animal kingdom. But it is now pretty well established that there is an entire series of animal infectious diseases.

An international coalition of savants has succeeded in capturing for science a large number of the microbes of infectious diseases. Among the most useful finds is the microbe of "human pest" or the bubonic plague. Once this disease was a veritable scourge of the world. Now it is only found in the least civilized countries. Its microbe, a dwarf among dwarfs, the "cocco-bacille pesteux," was discovered by the Japanese savant Kitasato, one of Koch's disciples, who studied the bubonic plague in 1894 at Hongkong. At the same time, and quite independently, Dr. Yersin discovered the same parasite.

Unfortunately, in spite of all progress, in spite of incessant experiments, very many

microbes defy the patient ardor of savants. Measles, scarlatina, whooping cough and small-pox—diseases of man—hydrophobia—alike common to man and beast—pig pest, "aphta" and scab—destructive diseases of domestic animals —will yet cause many brows to wrinkle over microscopes. So far the microbes of these diseases, owing to their minute size, have successfully defied the best instruments.

One day a great financier visited the Pasteur Institute. They showed him under the lens most of the infectious microbes. Doubtless he had read those lines of Goethe :

> My good friend, all theory fades
> While the tree of life gleams in its verdure !

For, struck with a practical idea, he exclaimed : "Those little things are very pretty, but of what use are they?" Doubtless, readers would put the same question. The uninteresting labor of the laboratory appeals to them less than the application of the results of this toil to practical medicine. "Cure me, but don't talk so much," said an invalid to the physician who was explaining the causes of the disease.

Certain sceptics still smile at the science of microbes. They assert with a knowing air that remedies are available for some diseases, the microbes of which are unknown and that we know the microbes of others for which we have no cure. Quinine was introduced into medicine long before we had put our finger on the microbe of malaria. Neither the smallpox microbe nor that of the vaccine which prevents it has been run to earth by the laboratory hunter, although vaccination has reduced the disease to insignificant proportions. Moreover, Pasteur's antirabic vaccination dominates hydrophobia while its microbe remains a mystery. On the other hand, the microbes of leprosy and consumption have been known for twenty years, yet no sure cure has yet been invented for them. So much for the negative phase of the science of microbes. Let us now pass to the affirmative.

It is true that the beneficial results of quinine in regard to malaria have been recognized for a couple of centuries. But what was not known was how to reduce the prevalence of the disease, which is far more important than knowing how to cure it. The study of microbes has established this incontestible fact : Contagion is spread by certain mosquitos, "anopheles." One of these insects, after biting a person suffering from malaria, bites another, and thus transmits the disease. If we had been ignorant of the existence of microbes, the English physician, Ronald Ross, would never have recognized the presence of anopheles in the digestive canal, and never would the Italian, Grassi, been able to cause this observation to bear fruit. The lesson of this discovery has been this : Exterminate the mosquito or prevent it from biting and you will annihilate malaria. Very important results have already been noted in this respect, thanks to the general employment of nettings and wire screens capable of stopping the infected anopheles, and to the desiccation of the water where they begin life. Thanks also to these measures, immense areas of rich and fertile land are to-day suitable and will become readily adapted to the good of man.

The microscopic eel of Asiatic cholera, which poisons the intestinal secretions of its victims, was long ago discerned by Koch. A sure cure has yet to be discovered. Nevertheless the fact that this microbe exists has served against the scourge. Before its discovery people thought that the disease was transmitted by air and all sorts of objects. At the approach of epidemics, fear took possession of the population. Quarantines were established and the streets were drenched with antiseptics. A hundred other means were employed which to-day are condemned as worse than useless. In demonstrating that the little choleric eel cannot long resist desiccation, science has also concluded that contagion is not spread by air or street dust, and has, on the other hand, proclaimed that the eel thrives in water and develops on man's food. Thus, instead of inflicting a general fear before contagion, let us stop the spread of cholera by preventing anything from passing our lips which may have become contaminated in water, by avoiding food that may be polluted, and, particularly, by neither drinking nor eating things in their natural state. And, as a precaution, we should never sit down at the table without having washed our hands.

The effective method employed against cholera may also be successfully applied against other infections of the digestive organs. At one time people attributed the causes of typhoid epidemics to fancy or the imagination. Following the discovery of the microbe by Eberth, its study by Gaffky established the fact that the disease penetrates us by drink and by solid contaminated food, and not through the air, as was once believed. Just as with the little choleric eel, the typhoid microbe is found not only in the dejections of very ill patients, but even in those of persons in good general health who may be suffering from some slight bodily derangement. And wherever the polluted matter comes in contact with water it contaminates it. Therefore, let us drink boiled water. In spite of all prejudice to the contrary, it is good and healthful. But that will not suffice. Illness has been found among families where boiled water is drunk and where food is not eaten raw. Examined by microbiologists, several of these cases have revealed the fact that

(*Continued on page 195.*)

TRUE LOVE.

Hast thou no word to breathe to me,
No word that's true and kind :
When all my world I give to thee,
Of body, soul and mind?

Then tell me how I still may prove
Thy faithfulness in Love!

Hast thou no scrap of news for me,
Whence I, at least, may know
That all is well and bright with thee,
Thy life with light aglow?

Hast thou no tear to shed for me,
When I in sorrow pine,
For all that, in the past, with thee,
I knew as golden wine?

Hast thou no sigh to heave for me,
When I my battles fight
With doubts, that thus, my Love for thee
May prove thy valiant knight?

Hast thou no healing kiss for me,
When I in death-bed lie?
And yet, my heart goes out to thee,
Too loth with ME to die!

O THIS is how I still can prove
MY faithfulness in Love!

Be thou my golden lyre, Love!
That I thy *string* may be:
Be thou my soaring lark, Love!
That I thy *wing* may be.

Be thou my brightest star, Love!
That I thy *light* may be:
Be thou my sparkling eyes, Love!
That I thy *sight* may be.

Be thou the farthest space, Love!
That I thy *length* may be:
Be thou my valiant arm, Love!
That I thy *strength* may be.

Be thou my lightest grief, Love!
That I thy *tear* may be:
Be thou my rippling smile, Love!
That I thy *cheer* may be.

Be thou my strangled pain, Love!
That I thy *sigh* may be:
Be thou my radiant moon, Love!
That I thy *sky* may be.

Be thou my captive queen, Love!
That I thy *tower* may be:
Be thou some wand'ring bee, Love!
That I thy *flower* may be.

Be thou my jessamine pure, Love!
That I thy *scent* may be:
Be thou some smould'ring grief, Love!
That I thy *vent* may be.

Be thou my clust'ring grape, Love!
That I thy *vine* may be:
Be thou some speechless thought, Love!
That I thy *sign* may be.

Be thou my nation's poet, Love!
That I thy *muse* may be:
Be thou my fairest fancy, Love!
That I thy *use* may be.

Be thou my heart-of-hearts, Love!
That I *myself* may be:
Be thou my soul-of-souls, Love!
That I *thyself* may be."

"MAYA."

the fever was introduced through the carelessness of domestics. The latter have appeared in good health, but, nevertheless, they carried around with them the infectious microbe. They did their work with soiled hands. Again, let us carefully wash our hands before each meal, cause persons around us to wash theirs, and place no object capable of bearing infection in our mouths. Above all, freely use antiseptics in handling or in disposing of all that comes from an invalid, however slight be the malady.

To be successful in the struggle against cholera and typhoid fever, it is especially important to be able to diagnose these diseases at the earliest moment possible. Formerly doctors hesitated to declare such cases. Here, again, the science of microbes renders infinite service. In the case of suspects, the dejections are examined, and if the presence of Koch's little eels are noticed, preventive measures are instantly taken. In typhoid fever an examination of the invalid's blood causes the presence of that disease to be detected in time. Thus, it is possible, although the invalid may not be seriously ill, to take all the necessary precautions to check contagion —by disinfection, isolation of the invalid, &c.

The science of microbes has also proved beyond all cavil that contagion is spread by vermin—notably rats. Whether directly, or by fleas or other parasites, rats communicate the disease to men. Death to rats. This prescription is far more useful than all quarantine regulations and the most rigorous isolation of travellers.

The briefest summary of the benefits which a knowledge of microbes has conferred should not omit what this knowledge has done to preserve cattle from annihilation. Millions have been saved through the vaccination of cattle against carbuncle, pig-pest and cattle plague. If there are "bad" microbes there are also "good" microbes. In the dairy industry good microbes are used for the preparation of cheeses, butter, and sour milk.

The Royal Tour.

(Continued.)

ON the 18th November, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales exchanged visits with the Rana of Udaipur. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, also paid an informal visit of inspection to the Palace. The Royal party then enjoyed a pleasant drive round the lonely Fatteh Sagar Lake to the Maharana's gardens. At night, the historic city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Royal guests rowed over the beautiful lake to the Palace in a splendid procession of State barges, passing in their course under a bridge recalling Venetian scenes and obtaining the loveliest views of the illuminated city.

The State-dinner at the Palace and a fine display of fireworks brought a busy day to a close.

Sunday, the 19th, was a quiet day. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service at a little mission church. Early in the afternoon, they rowed to the Island Palace of Jag Mander in the middle of the lake, dear to the memory of all Europeans as the place which had given their countrymen refuge in the darkest days of the Mutiny. After inspecting the historic buildings, the party rowed to the Khas Oodi, a quaint little town, and witnessed the feeding of wild pigs, which, they say, has been regularly continued morning and evening, since the last two centuries.

The principal event of the 20th was a shooting expedition by H. R. H., the Prince, to the hill beside the Pateola Lake, while the Princess was occupied with visits to the Palace and the Jagadesh Temple. In the evening, the Royal party left Udaipur and arrived the next morning at Jaipur which accorded them a striking oriental welcome. During the day, the Prince and the Maharaja exchanged visits, while the Princess inspected some public institutes. The Royal couple met at the Albert Hall, which the last Maharaja had built in memory of the Prince's grandfather, and the foundation stone of which had been laid by our present King-Emperor thirty years ago. At the handsome Residency, His Royal Highness received an address on behalf of the Municipality of Ajmere. The inspection of the Maharaja's Imperial Service Transport Corps followed, and Rai Bahadur Danpat Rai, the Commandant, was complimented on the perfection of the parade as well as on his useful inventions.

The 22nd was almost wholly given over to shikar. The Prince bagged his first tiger. The other members of the party went out pig-sticking and had excellent sport. The city and the suburbs were illuminated in the evening. A splendid State banquet followed, at which the Maharaja announced that in commemoration of the Royal Visit, he and his Maharani had decided to add four lakhs of rupees to the Indian People's Famine Trust Fund, founded, be it remembered, through his own liberality. The day concluded with a charmingly informal hour spent in the inner courtyard of the Palace, when Their Royal Highnesses entered into unrestrained conversation with all those who are doing good work in Jaipur.

The Royal party reached the desert city of Bikanir on the 24th, and received a characteristic welcome. The visit to Bikanir was mainly a little relaxation after a round of ceremonies, carefully and exactly observed, and hence there were no long State functions. The arrangements made by H. H. the Maharaja were perfect, and the Prince and his suite enjoyed splendid sport at the Gajnar Lake. Sunday was observed as usual as a day of absolute rest. The Princess visited the objects of interest in the Fort, such as the Armoury, the Library, and the Bikanir loom.

On the 27th H.R.H. distributed medals for service in Somaliland to some of the Indian officers of the Camel Corps. In the evening there was a State Banquet, which, however, the Royal couple did not attend in accordance with the recommendation of their medical adviser. At this function, H. H. the Maharaja announced his intention of building a Town Hall in commemoration of the Royal Visit. On the 28th, the Royal party arrived at Lahore, where they received a right good welcome. After a drive through the city and the chiefs' camp, the Prince received a loyal and dutiful address from the Municipality. Then followed a Reception Durbar, at which the Chiefs of "the Sword-Hand of India" were presented. These State rendered the Eastern tributes of homage and fealty to the Prince on the 29th. The Princess occupied herself with a visit to the Museum. The beautiful Shalimar Gardens were illuminated in the evening, but, owing to indisposition, Their Royal Highnesses were not present. The next day H. R. H. the Prince returned the visits of the Chiefs and inspected Aitchson's College, where the cadets of the ruling houses are educated. The Princess of Wales, meantime, held a purdah party. At night came off the great social event of the visit—a grand ball at the Montgomery Hall.

The morning of the 1st December witnessed a brilliant spectacle on the parade ground at Mian Mier, when 20,000 well-equipped, well-disciplined, well-led fighting men of India's warrior races, horse and foot, camelry and Sappers, and transport train, which the great feudatories held at the disposal of the British Raj for the defence of their common Fatherland, passed in ordered array before the heir to the Imperial throne. The Prince was highly impressed with the Review and addressed the officers and troops in complimentary terms. A delightful garden party at the Government House, attended, among others, by a number of native ladies, followed in the afternoon and concluded the festivities at Lahore.

The Prince and the Princess reached Peshawar on the 2nd, and were accorded quite a warm welcome. At the Gorkhatri they received an address from the Municipality of "the Sentinal City." The Prince spoke of them as the "Wardens of the Passes," and assured them of the sympathy and confidence of the British people far across the seas. Amidst the loyal cheers of the Frontier people, they passed in procession to the Government House. Then came off the serious business of the day—the presentation of the Frontier Chiefs from the East and the West and the North to offer homage to the Emperor's son and it was a sight to see them offer to the Prince the hilts of their trusty swords with simple reverence, coupled with pride and joy. There was a garden party in the afternoon and the day ended with a State Banquet.

On the 3rd, the Prince and the Princess attended Divine Service in the truly British station church and drove quietly through the cantonment. Among the rest, the Princess inspected the Women's Hospital, while the Prince visited the Men's.

On the following day, Their Royal Highnesses drove out of Peshawar to visit the Khyber Pass. After a short run to Jamrud in train, they drove in a landau through the land of the Afridis to the little fort of Landi Kotal, which looks out on Afghanistan. But for the Khyber Rifles who were posted to keep close guard at a few yards' interval, the road would have altogether been deserted, because, as a precautionary measure the order had gone into the villages not to approach, under penalty of being shot, within three miles of the road, whilst the Shahzada was going through. On arriving at the unpretentious Landi Kotal, Their Royal Highnesses spent some time examining the geography of the valley and the defences of the fort. After lunch, the Royal party started on the homeward drive. At Ali Masjid a characteristic ceremony was gone through. Under the shadow of the fort were gathered the maliks of the various tribes to offer their tribute. This nazar took the form of a fine fat-tailed sheep or goat, and, in touching and remitting, His Royal Highness uttered the Frontier formula, "keep till I require it." Returning to Peshawar through Jamrud, the Prince and the Princess of Wales left for Rawalpindi to witness the grand military manœuvres, conducted under the supervision of H. E. Lord Kitchener. The Royal train halted at Hassan-ah-Dah, where the Prince and the Princess were met by Lord Kitchener. His Royal Highness and Lord Kitchener rode off to a selected vantage point, the Princess with Lady Shaftsbury following on a lordly elephant with gorgeous trappings of cloth of gold. The manœuvres, in which an armed force of nearly 55,000 fighting men, the pick of India's Military forces, took part, formed

the biggest that have ever been held in this country. The operations were watched with intense interest by the Prince and the Princess, Lord Kitchener and the staff, and His Royal Highness warmly complimented the Commander-in-Chief upon the conduct of the manœuvres.

There is no doubt that the Royal party greatly approved of the splendid Military Machine, which is at the service of the State in India.

Editorial Notes.

The Spirit of Christmas.

Christmas is beginning to be universally observed all over the world, even by those who do not profess Christianity, and this is not surprising when we come to think of the real Spirit of Christmas. It is above all festivals the festival of peace and good will, for it commemorates the birth of one who came, not only to reconcile man with God, but to reconcile man with man. Christ came to preach above everything else the Gospel of love; and love, it has been well said is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death; and the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of eternal love. Christmas in most countries of the West is a day of gifts; it is the day when the thoughts of people turn naturally to others less fortunate. The poor, the afflicted and the care-worn are thought of and here again we notice the influence of the Spirit of Him who was born in Bethlehem. "The great gift of Jesus to the world was Himself. He lived with and for men. He kept back nothing. In every particular and personal gift that he made to certain people there was something of Himself that made it precious." The great mistake people make is to think that a life of love and unselfishness is one that ought to be lived only at certain 'times' and not always. What a beautiful world this will be if only the Spirit of Christmas animates individuals, not only during Christmas, but throughout all their lives. What we want is Christmas living at all times! "In outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circles, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the inmost circle, comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness:—

> "Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind
> Durable from the daily dust of life."

A New Indian Sisterhood.

Mr. Malabari is one of those few prominent men in our country, who are gifted with a wealth of originality and far-sightedness which is no less surprising than their energy and practical common sense. A prolific author, a busy editor, and a leading citizen whose advice is sought both by the Government and the people, not a year passes without his starting a new idea, a fresh venture or a novel movement, calculated to the moral and material advancement of the Indian Community. His labours for the elevation of Indian womanhood have been quite strenuous; still, like his good self, he proposes to add to his manifold services on behalf of the daughters of the land. What he is now endeavouring to institute is an order of Indian Sisters of Mercy and to establish for them a "Shewa Sadan" or "House of Service." Mr. Malabari defines the Indian Sisters of Mercy as being those who live in the community, actively engaged in assisting the poor, those who live in the community but are engaged in devotions and other secluded occupations, and those who are not in the community but still assist it as co-workers. Mr. Malabari intends not only to found and maintain a Home for them, but to train them to be Sisters of Mercy in reality, to find work for them and to help them in every possible way and to provide facilities for their qualifying as lady missionaries for educational, medical and other good work on unsectarian lines; and, accordingly, in addition to erecting residential quarters, he proposes to provide for them a School house, workrooms for practice in arts and handicrafts, a rest house for the destitute and for guests and an infirmary. The Home is to be managed largely on the principle of self-help, augmented by such contributions as well-wishers may be disposed to give. Undoubtedly the idea is a grand one and its possibilities in this land of woman's woes are quite unbounded. What is needed now is money to initiate the enterprise and it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Malabari has secured substantial support from influential persons, one of the first sympathisers of the movement being Lady Curzon. We wish Mr. Malabari every success in his new project, which, in the words of a contemporary, "will serve as a fit coping stone to his life's work."

Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association.

The Report presented by Mr. B. N. Bhajekar at the Annual Meeting of this Association which was held on the 26th ultimo is a satisfactory record of continued progress. The figures given show a decided improvement in membership and in finance. A larger number of Meetings, both of the general body and of the Committee were held during the last year than in the preceding year. The first three months of the year were chiefly taken up with arranging the preliminaries of the National Social Conference and the Ladies' gathering, held in December last; and the remarkable success of the two movements in rousing universal enthusiasm on behalf of social reform was due to the care and attention with which the initial work was performed. H. H. the Gaikwad's inaugural address and the presence of other chiefs at the Conference imparted a powerful stimulus to the cause of Reform, while the Ladies' gathering demonstrated the wealth of resources which are available in the Western presidency to further the same cause. A report of the whole proceedings of the latter movement is being printed in Marathi. The suggestions put forward by the working committee for removing obstacles to widow marriage have in part been carried out. Through the generosity of Babu Jagunath of Calcutta, a handsome money prize of Rs. 100 has been offered for the best essay on widow marriage treating the question from a religious, moral, economic, national and every other point of view, and seven essays have already been received. A register has been prepared containing the names, castes &c., of all re-married couples in India and will be shortly published. A central record is kept in the Widow Marriage Hall for all such marriages.

The project of starting a High School for Hindu girls was twice taken up, but had to be given up owing to difficulties in securing subscriptions. An attempt was made to spread general knowledge among women by giving periodical lectures on useful and informing subjects in various places. Dr. Gokhale gave seven lectures as first aid to surgery, Dr. Ranaday three lectures on Home Hygiene, Dr. Sambare five lectures on Botany, Dr. Khandwala six lectures on Elementary Physiology. Dewan Raghunatha Rao's lecture on the Hindu Law of Marriage, which, among other things, advocates widow and late marriage, was translated into Gujerathi and numerous copies of it were distributed. Mr. C. V. Vaidya has written a pamphlet on Foreign Travel, which will be published in due course. He has also written another pamphlet on the utility of adult marriages. Among donations received, mention must be made of an anonymous donation of Rs. 1,000 for carrying on temperance work. H. H. the Gaikwar has sent Rs. 200 for a prize for the best essay on a subject connected with the social reform; and the Association Council has selected for competition "the ideal of Indian womanhood with practical suggestions for its realisation." So much of good work carried out within the short period of about eight months is a remarkable evidence of the energy, zeal, earnestness and perseverance of the governing body of the Bombay Association; and, if its Sister Associations all over the country pursued their objects in the same spirit, there is little doubt that the cause of social reform will prosper.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

On the 9th November, a new Girls' school was opened at Cherpalcherry in Walluvanad (Malabar). The school was started in memory of the arrival in India of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and has, therefore, been appropriately termed the Princess of Wales' Girls' School, Cherpalcherry. As the work had to be hurried on, a temporary shed was put up and a start has been made. There are at present 12 girls on the rolls The management intends to bring in two mistresses for the present. The foundation stone of the building will be laid on the 24th January, the date on which Their Royal Highnesses arrive at Madras. The whole enterprise is due to the public spirit of Mr. K. Govinda Menon, B.A., the Tahsildar of Walluvanad, and a native of Cherpalcherry. I wish every success to the new institution.

—A Girls' school has been opened at Tirupoor (Coimbatore) by the bankers, merchants, and other rich people of the locality. It is called the "Aryan Girls' School."

—The Bengal Board of Revenue, reporting on the work of Miss Cornelia Sorabji as legal adviser to the *Purdanashin* ladies under the Court of Wards, remarks:—"By the exercise of great tact she has succeeded in compromising litigation in no less than four cases; and has been consulted by ladies on private matters in seven others. The Board hopes that in future the District Officers will be able to make a more free use of her

services, and that the ladies under the Court of Wards will feel that they have a friend whom they may consult at any time, and who is always ready to explain their real wishes to the District Officers and to deliver and explain to the ladies at first hand the orders and directions of the Court of Wards. The Board joins with the District Officers in expressing their very high appreciation of the valuable services of Miss Sorabji."

—The Wesleyan Mission are erecting a hospital for women and children at Hassan (Mysore). So far the foundations only have been laid, but the medical lady that is to be in charge, Miss E. Smith, has arrived at Bangalore from England. She will have time to learn the language before the building has been completed.

—At an "At Home" held by Lady Krishna Murthi at the Government Girls' School in the city on Saturday, the 18th November, the Mysore Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition of 1906 was discussed at length, the following Resolutions were come to, and the ladies mentioned promised to be reponsible for the various sections:—

It was unanimously resolved that the ladies of Bangalore should send in exhibits of their work to the Ladies' Section of the Industrial Exhibition in Mysore, which is to be opened by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales in January next; that not only exhibits of the work and those enumerated in the notices be submitted by ladies and their friends, but that the work of labouring classes may also be included; that in order to have exhibits from all classes and communities, a lady of each community be appointed a member of Committee to arrange all details. The following ladies were proposed to form the Committee:—Miss A. M. Smith, Miss Muller, Mrs. H. J. Bhabha, Mrs. Aga Abdulla, Mrs. Ahmed Sait, Mrs. Abdul Kharim, Mrs. T. Ananda Rao, Mrs. Arcot Narainasawmy Moodelliar, and Miss Dr. Govind Rajulu.

The secretaries were to be Dr. Ayechamall and Miss Rajagopaul.

—A successful ladies' gathering under the auspices of the Social Reform Association, Madras, was held on the 29th November at Coleman's Gardens, Egmore, on the invitation of Mrs. Kalle Naraina Rao. Nearly 200 ladies responded to the invitation.

News and Notes.

—Lady doctors are to be largely employed in public institutions in Burma.

—At the recent Matriculation Examination in Bombay fifty-one Parsi, ten Hindu, and four Mahomedan ladies appeared.

—The Victoria Dufferin Hospital at Calcutta has received Rs. 3,000 as a parting gift from Lady Curzon.

—A circular is being sent round among the Nayars throughout Malabar for encouraging interdining and intermarriage among the many subsections of the Nair community.

—Miss Nettie Payne, of Butler, Pa., is probably the only young woman in the United States, who is desk sergeant on the police force. She is on duty from 7 P.M until 5 A.M., and in every way attends to the duties of the office which she occupies.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward begins in the November *Century* a new novel, entitled "Fenwick's Ambitions." It is the story of an artist who leaves his young wife and child in the country and goes up to London on borrowed money, to seek his fortune.

—Helen Keller is always cheerful, in spite of being blind, deaf and dumb. She says: "The answer to my longing is always clear "and steady. God in His infinite goodness "has seen fit to make the flowers of the "bitter almond tree sweet."

—Lady Minto, the new vicerene of India, is, like her husband, devoted to travel and adventure. They made a trip to the Klondike and there had many quaint experiences. The miners of those parts called her a "clipper" for the spirited way in which she took snapshots of the scenery from her place on the cow-catcher, as the viceregal train sped through the Rockies.

—Miss Gertrude Barnum, National Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, is a Chicago woman of ample means. She was a Chicago belle, devoting herself to a continual round of social pleasure and much admired in social life. She turned from all this, and has for several years devoted herself to a study of the lives of working women. She is prominently before the public just now, because she is in New York city using her large social influence to induce women of wealth and fashion to refuse to buy from traders who do not give reasonably fair treatment to the women in their stores for factories.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for November, 1905.

		RS.	A.
1.	Mrs. Dube, Allahabad ...	4	0
2.	W. DeLavera Esq., Ceylon ...	4	0
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